

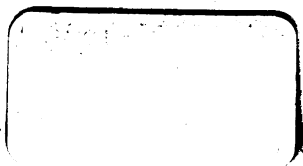
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THE HEART  
OF  
REVELATION

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BY FRANCIS P.  
DONNELLY, S. J.

KC 3776



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Roxbury, Mass.



# **THE HEART OF REVELATION**

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# THE HEART OF REVELATION

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FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.  
AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL," ETC.

REVISED EDITION



NEW YORK  
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## PREFACE

This is a companion volume to "The Heart of the Gospel" and contains the study of the heart as found in Revelation. The favorable reception accorded to the first series of devotional studies has encouraged the writer to publish these additional traits of the Sacred Heart, suggested by the texts which are here dwelt upon. In the former work the texts were chiefly from the Gospels; in this the Epistles have been mostly appealed to. Several personal sketches have been introduced with a view to add the interest of variety and some more of that human element which seems especially in place in any book treating of the Heart of Christ. The first paper has been often printed under the title, "The Kept Thoughts of Mary."



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE HEART OF MARY . . . . .	1
THE SAD HEART . . . . .	34
THE HAPPY HEART . . . . .	47
THE RESOLUTE HEART . . . . .	60
THE HEART OF JOSEPH . . . . .	74
THE GENEROUS HEART . . . . .	89
THE PATIENT HEART . . . . .	102
THE GRATEFUL HEART . . . . .	116
THE HEART OF MAGDALENE . . . . .	130
THE CONTENTED HEART . . . . .	144
THE HOPEFUL HEART . . . . .	159
THE ZEALOUS HEART . . . . .	175
THE HEART OF PETER . . . . .	187
THE RIGHT HEART . . . . .	200
THE GOOD HEART . . . . .	212
THE KIND HEART . . . . .	225
THE PURE HEART . . . . .	241
THE HEART OF PAUL . . . . .	256



## THE HEART OF MARY

*Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.*

### THE KEPT THOUGHTS OF MARY

**Their Source—a Woman's Heart**

**B**UT Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart." The glimpse into Mary's soul which these words afford is a precious one. It opens up to our gaze an attitude of mind which was not accidental, but deliberate; not of the moment, but constant. Later on in the same chapter St. Luke repeats the phrase about Mary. He need not say it again; Mary's habitual attitude of soul is now known to us, and it is not one to surprise us, although it deserves our study. Every mother takes a like attitude of soul towards her child. It is the result of a  
[1]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

mother's love. Her thoughts take one direction; her interests have one centre; her affection has one destination. The whole outward tendency of her soul is towards her child. How strong and full that tendency was in Mary's case is clear, when we remember that Jesus was for her not only her Child but her God. In the stream of love which flowed from her heart to His were mingled the currents of every affection with which a woman can be influenced. Mary was the Daughter of the Father; she was the Mother of the Son; she was the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. Think of what that means. It means that her Child and her God exhausted the whole capacity of her love. Toward Him her daughter-heart, her spouse-heart, her mother-heart went forth in its fullest capacity. He touched every chord to which a woman's affectionate nature can respond, and drew from it the sweetest melody that ever made music in a woman's heart. God had planted within Mary the natural impulse which turns a child to its parent; and that which

[2]

## THE HEART OF MARY

unites a spouse with her betrothed and also that which centres the love of parent upon its child. God had purified and ennobled and made rich in her these native instincts. The world's history will tell us what human daughters and wives and mothers will do for human parents and spouses and children. Mary's history reveals what the united force of all three must be when directed towards one object. The pure, white flames of every affection that can glow within a woman's heart mingled their heat and light in Mary's and were focussed upon Christ.

### **Their Value—a Mother's Harvest**

It was that triple love burning in Mary's heart and directing its united flames on Jesus, her Son and her God, which made her keep all these words, and made her ponder over them. Jesus was kept and pondered on, because Mary loved every word uttered about Him. Every word uttered by Him came under her loving attention, found a place in the treasury

[3]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

of her thoughts and filled the hours of her life with reveries of prayer. Men of one book are a source of fear to their friends; we hesitate to speak in their presence of their pet book. They know too much about it; they know its lines and letters; they know even its commas; we dread to expose our own ignorance before the superior knowledge of a man of one book. Jesus was Mary's Book. She studied Him and read Him and knew every line and letter of His life; she wrote that life in her heart; it was the best Life of Jesus ever written; it was the fullest gospel ever composed. The best of mother-loves wrote it, on the best leaves ever written upon. "She kept all these words in her heart." We have a beautiful phrase in English that we often use, and I am afraid we do not notice its beauty. We say of committing something to memory, that "we get it by heart." If ever that phrase was true in all the full beauty of its meaning, it was so in Mary's case with regard to Jesus. It was Mary's life-work to get [4]



## THE HEART OF MARY

Jesus by heart, and she did so. "She kept all these words in her heart."

### **Their Fruits—a Sympathetic Understanding**

What was the effect of Mary's master-passion upon her? What was the effect on her soul of her kept thoughts? She got Jesus by heart, and what did it mean for her? It meant a complete understanding of Him; a knowledge of His ways of thought and action; a sympathetic appreciation of what He wished and felt. Another Mary and her sister Martha sent a message to Jesus, and it ran thus: "He whom Thou lovest is sick." That was a beautiful prayer. As far as words went, it seemed to ask nothing. They did not say: "Come, or comfort, or cure." In appearance, therefore, it was no prayer; in reality, however, they could have uttered no more touching prayer. A similar prayer had been uttered before the sisters of Bethany sent their message. Another heart had learned to know the Heart of Jesus long before they began their studies;

[5]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

another heart gave them the model for their request. "Now there was a marriage feast at Cana in Galilee; and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was there; and the wine failing, she said to Him: 'They have no wine!'" Mary's prayer was the model. It ran thus: "This newly married couple are our hosts; they have no wine; I say no more." In both cases there was some delay, for it is God's way, sometimes, to keep us waiting; but in both cases there was the great miracle. Love read aright the Heart of Jesus.

### *Their Growth—a Song of Praise*

The first effect, then, of Mary's kept thoughts was an intimate knowledge of Jesus and an almost prophetic insight into His soul. Mary's kept thoughts did something more. Kept thoughts are never barren; you can never think the same thought twice, without improving on it. You will see more in it. It will take on new color and new beauty; it will develop along new lines, or, at all events, it will

[6]

## THE HEART OF MARY

stand out more clearly in the mind. A kept thought is a seed in a fertile soil. It sends out roots; it takes a firmer hold; it grows and branches; it expands into leaves and blooms into the beauty of flowers. A kept thought is not a dead thing; it grows; it is a living thing in a living soul. What was the harvest that came of Mary's sowing? The first words she heard of Jesus she kept, as well as the last words. The first words were the revelation of His coming. She kept them, and as she went in haste over the hills of Judea to her cousin Elizabeth, the thoughts in her heart grew and expanded in the sunshine of the joy of her virginal motherhood. When she arrived at her cousin's house they had grown to maturity, and blossomed forth into the *Magnificat*; that glorious song of praise, of gratitude, of knowledge of God's ways with men, and of the fulfilment of His prophecies and promises to Israel.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### **Their Wealth—the Ennobling of Character**

The miracle of Cana and the *Magnificat* are the evidences of the fruit of Mary's kept thoughts. They are splendid evidences of most glorious fruits, yet they do not exhaust the benefit of Mary's ruling habit. Greater than the knowledge of Jesus, greater than any sublime song, was the ennobling of Mary's character as a result of her soul's master-passion. The angel of the Incarnation disturbed her, and she needed to be calmed and encouraged; the angels of Bethlehem, whose message came to her through the shepherds, left her pondering, while the others wondered. Her great dignity had uplifted her without making her dizzy. She had still the simplicity of the Nazarean maid, but now it was a royal, a queenly, a divine simplicity. She had been brought into contact, physical, living contact, with her God; but more than that, and affecting her more profoundly, was the intimate, loving contact of her soul with God, because she kept

[8]

## THE HEART OF MARY

Him in her heart, pondering over Him within her.

### **Their Glory—Motherhood of Soul**

The surrender of Mary to God's will, her glorious profession of humility, obedience and service, expressed in the words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" was not simply an offering of herself to God to be His Mother in a physical aspect; it meant the offering of her soul, also, to be His sacred sanctuary, in the higher, grander relations of what we may call spiritual maternity. It was to her, we may believe, Christ alluded when He made answer to an enthusiastic admirer, after one of His sermons: "And it came to pass, as He spoke these things, a certain woman from the crowd lifting up her voice, said to Him: 'Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck.' " Then Christ made answer, admitting the truth of that statement, but asserting a nobler motherhood still and one in which Mary, His own Mother, was without a

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

peer. "Yea, rather blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it." It was Mary who led the way in that blessedness, by keeping her Son in her heart after His birth had severed the physical bond that united them. "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

### **Their Scope—Full Dominion of the Soul**

Christ in the sanctuary of Mary's soul; Christ kept and pondered on; Christ, the Child of Mary's soul, the Companion of her thoughts, the Treasure of her heart, filled and possessed Mary's life, lifting it to a higher plane. Every thought, every desire, Mary's hopes and fears, her likes and dislikes, her opinions of things, her judgments and her decisions; every act of mind and will, every movement of her soul was warmed and colored and beautified by Christ, who had become the day-spring of her life, the God that rose and increased to the splendor of the perfect day within her. "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

[10]

## THE HEART OF MARY

### **Their Power—the Master-Passion of the Soul**

There is nothing to surprise us in all this, and we are not exaggerating the meaning of the words. Remembering what we have said about Mary's absorption in her Son, whose love was the master-passion of her heart, we cannot state too strongly the effects of that passion. Take the weaker affection of other women; take one single current of the love that flooded Mary's soul; take the faithful love of a daughter or the intense love of a spouse, or the passionate love of a mother singly, and we know what a change it will make in a woman's life. The history of mankind bears witness to the strength of one master-passion. In such cases the whole stream of the soul goes one way; it wears out for itself a channel into which pour all the various currents, all the inclinations, emotions and feelings that stir the heart of mankind. Along that channel these mingled currents rush, gathering speed and force as they roll on and

[11]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

bearing all before them in an impetuous torrent. The dearest interests of man; the most precious objects of human affection; wealth, honor, family pride, home, health, life, and sometimes the very salvation of the soul, are swept like straws before the rush of that tide. Imagine, then, the strong outpouring of love from Mary's heart towards her Son and her God; measure the depths and rush of that stream into which flowed fully every current of affection that can spring up in a woman's heart. You will not be surprised, then, that Mary's whole life should be borne along on that great sea and swept to the feet of her Son. "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

Mary kept all these words, because she loved her Son and her God, and then the knowledge she collected in this way reacted on her soul, giving her a complete sympathy with her Son, enriching her thoughts, as the *Magnificat* testifies, and uplifting and ennobling her character.

[12]



## THE HEART OF MARY

Such was the cause and such the effect of Mary's kept thoughts.

## THE KEPT THOUGHTS OF MEN

### *The Spectrum of Mary's Soul*

Now it becomes our duty to inquire what thoughts we keep and to examine what their cause is and what their effect is on our souls.

The spectrum of the sun is the spreading out of its light by means of a prism or finely marked plate called a grating. When you see a rainbow, you see the sun's spectrum, where the rays have been expanded into their various colors by means of the raindrops. If the spectrum of the sun be thrown on a screen instead of on the clouds, as in the case of the rainbow, then in the brilliant succession of colors from violet to red there may be seen dark lines. Those lines are shadows cast by the clouds of iron and silver and gold that float between us and the sun's brightness. If the sun's light came unimpeded, there

[13]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

would be no shadows on its spectrum; its tints would merge one into another from red to violet continuously. We should have then what is called a continuous spectrum. If the comparison is not too daring, we may say we have been studying the spectrum of Mary's soul. Christ is the Light of the world, and the brilliancy of His light passed into her soul unimpeded, without the faintest obstacle, to cast its shadow on the beautiful colors into which the reflection of Christ is expanded in her soul.

### The Spectrum of Man's Soul

What are our kept thoughts? What is the spectrum expanded on our souls? We have not indeed, as Mary had, the living Christ to shed His light upon us; but we have Christ's wish and Christ's law pervading our everyday life and governing all its details. It is impossible that we should go through all those details here, because to do so would be to give a complete history of all our obligations. Let  
[14]

## THE HEART OF MARY

us select one or two duties. There is the duty of good reading, which must be exercised with greater care in our times, when the press reproduces life with the fidelity and completeness of an untouched photograph.

### **The Kept Thoughts of Reading**

If publishers and editors exercise no care over what they put upon their paper, we are not for that reason excused from exercising care over what we put upon our souls. Where do our eyes turn first, where do they stay longest, when we take up a newspaper? Are we seeking for Christ there, treasuring up with love and devotion the slightest manifestation of His presence in the printed page? What articles do we skip over in our magazines? What articles do we gloat over? Is slothfulness, is sinful curiosity, is the base craving for scandal, the unhealthy greed of sensation, keeping the light of Christ out of our souls and leaving there the dark shadows of their own making? Should we like

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

to have the spectrum of the thoughts gathered from our papers, our magazines and our books expanded before men for their inspection? Would there not be too many dark lines and too few bright spots? Would there not be too much world and flesh and Satan, and too little Christ? Are we reading with the eyes of Mary, with a loving lookout for Christ and with disdain and disgust for anything outside of Him? Have we Mary's delicacy and nobility of soul? Do we shrink from what soils the mind, as instinctively as our hand shrinks from what soils the fingers? Are we as dainty with our souls as we are with our flesh? Do we pick our way through our reading, skirting the evil as guardedly and stepping over unsightliness as promptly as we avoid the mud and filth of our street-crossings? Mary kept the words of Christ, pondering them in her heart. What do we keep and ponder over in our hearts, from our papers and magazines and books?

## THE HEART OF MARY

### The Kept Thoughts of Charity

Again, what are our kept thoughts about our neighbors? What are we glad to hear, what are we glad to know, about them? Is it the Christ in them we prefer to see and treasure in our memories, or is it the fallen human nature? What is the spectrum of our charity? Is it continuous or is it sadly and frequently interrupted? Is the pure white light of the Christ in others allowed to stream into our souls unchecked, unblemished, or is it seamed with dark shadows? The fumes of jealousy and of envy, the dense mists of resentment and of prejudice, the black clouds of spite and revenge, float between us and the light, and the spectrum of charity which should be a very vision of beauty and delight, and brilliant with many colors, is rather a band of darkness, with here and there a thin line of light. Would we know what thoughts we keep about our neighbor, then let us ask ourselves what are our conversations like. "Out of the

[17]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Our talk is a copy of our kept thoughts; our words give a photograph of our souls. Are we rehearsing faults, or scandals, or grievances, or offences, then we may be sure our kept thoughts are not like Mary’s; they are not of the Christ in our neighbor. “Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it unto Me.” What is our principle governing what we hear about our neighbor? Do we say: Here is something good about my neighbor; I will keep that? That is the Christ in my neighbor. Here is something evil I have heard, I will not keep that. That is not Christ in my neighbor. “Hast thou heard anything against thy neighbor?” asks the Scriptures. “Let it die within thee, trusting it will not burst thee.” Some are so fragile, so delicately put together, that when they hear anything against their neighbor they do not let it die and be buried within them, but they keep it and tell [18]

## THE HEART OF MARY

it as soon as possible, lest the possession of it disintegrate their unstable constitutions.

### Having Thoughts and Keeping Thoughts

We saw the effect on Mary of her kept thoughts; what will be the effect on us of the thoughts we keep? You have heard the phrase: "Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are." We might say in the same way: Tell me the thoughts you keep, and I'll tell you what your soul is. It is not the thoughts you have, but the thoughts you keep that influence your life; the thoughts about which deliberate choice has been exercised, which you look at and look over and finally decide to retain, not the transient guests, but the permanent boarders, the ones which we do not pass by, or ignore, or snub; but to whom we accept an introduction, and to whom we are always at home when they send in their cards. When they come, we keep them. Thousands of people may pass our doors every day; of these, few call, fewer still remain; and but one or two

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

make up our household. So is it in the world of the mind; thousands of thoughts may pass before it every hour; a few may knock, insistently, for admittance; fewer still cross the threshold and receive a welcome, and the home circle of our mind, the household group, is smaller yet. It is our household thoughts, the ever welcome and long-abiding guests of our souls, that profoundly influence our lives.

### Kept Thoughts Making Our Characters

Out of choice comes character and out of character, conduct. The thoughts, therefore, that we fully and freely and deliberately choose go into the substance of our character and through it shape our conduct. It is clear, indeed, that nobility of soul is displayed in shrinking away from mean and low actions. Our friends, we feel, are too noble to stoop to any meanness; they are above that. In like manner a noble soul is above mean thoughts and never stoops to them. Remember, I am speaking of deliberately chosen  
[20]



## THE HEART OF MARY

thoughts, not of the fleeting, passing images that come and go; the bubble foam that flecks for a time the stream of consciousness. Such thoughts we cannot help having, but we can help choosing and keeping them. So then, every ignoble thought and feeling, and emotion that is despised, discloses a noble character; and ennobles it more. Every base image that beckons to the soul to come down from its divine heights and is rejected, forms the discarded débris of the soul's fair architecture that rises to diviner heights. The rejected thoughts are an evidence of character and build it up. We are all partial to our friends, and that partiality blinds us to their failings and makes us keen-sighted for their virtues. We forgive much in them; we excuse them and defend them; our friendship dominates our talk about them and controls our acts. Now our kept thoughts are the friends of our soul; our household circle, as I have said. We have chosen them out of many, and have entertained them, and we are partial to

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

them. Thinking over them increases our partiality; we open our eyes wider to their attractions and close them tight against their repulsiveness, and so they begin to lord it over our souls. Our kept thoughts become kings and if they are not good ones, they become tyrants. The will is enslaved. Its motives are swayed to the master-thoughts; its actions obey them. It chooses what the friend and abiding guest of its soul suggests; and as each choice contributes to form a habit and habit goes to form a character, it is clearly seen how the kept thoughts, the friends to whom our souls are so partial, must profoundly influence our lives.

### **Kept Thoughts Making Us Like Mary**

Thus if our passion be to seek and find and choose the Christ in our everyday lives, we may hope to arrive at a faint resemblance of Mary's soul. Our love, of course, is slight and cold, compared with the great fire kindled in her heart. Our search for Christ and our earnestness in  
[22]

## THE HEART OF MARY

hoarding up what we can learn of Him will not equal the keen-eyed eagerness and soul-avarice with which Mary sought out and treasured up every word spoken about her Son and God, and every new fact told of Him. As the cause is not as powerful, the effect will not be so striking; yet if we cannot hope to arrive at the fulness of Mary's knowledge, we assuredly shall know more. Our thoughts will bear fruit, if not a hundred-fold, at least thirty-fold or perhaps sixty-fold. If our hearts do not overflow with the ecstatic gratitude and sublimity of the *Magnificat*, they will not, at all events, be wholly dumb. We cannot hope for the sympathetic insight that Mary had of Jesus. She was His Mother. Yet we shall not be entire strangers to Him. Above all if we learn to keep and ponder on the Christ in what we see and what we hear; if the deliberately chosen friends of our soul are from Him and leading to Him, if we read with pure eyes and if we listen with charitable ears, then we shall feel within our soul the

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

ennobling influence of Christ; we shall be lifted high, indeed, although when we have attained our sublimest nobility, we shall behold the fair character of Mary, our Mother, towering to loftier and diviner heights. She loved more than we, and where we keep few things, she kept all the words about Jesus, pondering them in her heart. "And all they that heard wondered, at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept *all these words*, pondering them in her heart."

## THE KEPT THOUGHTS OF CHRIST

### His Capacity for Thought by Creation

The kept thoughts of the Heart of Christ! What were they? "What are the drops of water in the sea?" we might rather ask. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea doth not overflow," says the Preacher, and the capacity of His Heart exceeds that of the ocean. His Heart was made to hold all mankind, its sins and its virtues, its loves and its hates. His  
[24]

## THE HEART OF MARY

Heart with an infinite tenderness and attractiveness drew all things to Itself, all wrongs that they might be made right again, and everything right that it might be rewarded. The infinite justice of God and the infinite malice of sin met in the Heart of Christ. Out of that struggle of justice with sin came our redemption and sanctification. Therefore it was that every soul of man was kept in the Heart of Christ, because every soul was the object of God's justice and God's mercy, and within the exceeding great love of Christ's Heart justice and mercy met and effected the redemption of every man by overcoming sin. The kept thoughts of the Heart of Christ will be known from the purpose for which that Heart was created and the capacity which the Creator gave to it. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea doth not overflow." The ocean of Christ's Heart is fed by countless streams, yet the infinite circle of Its shores and the infinite reach of Its depths never permit Its capacity to be overtaxed.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### His Capacity for Thought by Experience

Great, however, as was the capacity which our Lord had in His Heart when He became man, yet it became greater still as the years of His life went by upon earth. Other springs of knowledge and love were opened up to pour their currents into His Heart. "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and man." Although, as God, our Lord knew all things, and although His human soul, elevated into union with Divinity, must have been adorned with every gift except that which would unfit His human nature for our redemption, yet He was to advance in wisdom by the fresh experience which flooded His soul with every new sight and sound throughout His life. The way in which experience contributes to knowledge may be illustrated by His dealings with Judas. He knew all about the treachery of this unhappy Apostle beforehand and foretold it, but the actual experience of it was something new and more harrowing,

[26]

## THE HEART OF MARY

when a traitorous greeting fell on his ears and traitorous lips were pressed upon His cheek. In the same way many truths that our Lord already knew came home again to Him through the eye and ear and hand and tongue, tingling His senses with new experiences and thrilling His Heart with fresh love. "Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and man."

### His Capacity for Thought by Sensitiveness

There was something else, too, which, besides His Heart's original capacity and the experiences of every day, added to the store of the kept thoughts of Christ, and that was the extreme sensitiveness of His faculties. His senses and His human soul were of a finer texture than ours. His eyes saw deeper and His ear heard better. His touch was more delicate and more responsive. His mind was more recollected. In every respect He had as man faculties superior to ours, not in nature, it is true, but in quality, and He made far better use of them than we do. The records of the

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

Gospel show that our Lord possessed an extremely delicate and sensitive organism. How often we read of His glance fathoming the thoughts of others! We see Him lose the taste and relish for food, when His zeal had won the soul of the Samaritan woman. We hear of Him distinguishing one touch from another when a great crowd jostled Him. Tears quickly filled His eyes and pity flooded His Heart on many occasions. Finally, the sweat of blood is the supreme evidence of how deeply and how fully He felt the experience of sorrow.

### His Marvelous Store of Thoughts

In these and other instances there may be also some exhibition of our Lord's divine and miraculous powers, but it is not too much to take them as evidences of the keenness of His perception and the fine sensibility of His faculties. Nor is it too much to assert that His Heart kept a marvelous store of thoughts by the help of His delicate senses and mind. Every-

[28]



## THE HEART OF MARY

thing He saw, from the lily in the field to the lightning flash on high, were new revelations of some truth about God the Father, coming home to His Heart in fresh and vigorous experience. Every word He spoke revealed to His listeners the fruits of this experience in interesting and original teaching. "Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace."

### His Best Thought—His Mother

These facts about our Lord's capacity of heart and powers of sense and mind will help us to appreciate the eagerness and fulness with which He treasured up the best of all His kept thoughts, the thoughts about His Mother, Mary. What experience of life can equal that which arises from the love and dependence of mother and son? The mother is the first experience a man has and it is the last to leave him. That is the closest, tenderest, liveliest experience which can thrill a human heart. Imagine then, if you can, the wealth of thoughts about His Mother in

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

the treasury of the Heart of Jesus. He began living with her life. His Heart first beat from hers. If one of a multitude touched Him and He knew it, what shall be said of the sacred intimacy of the mother and child? Did not virtue go out from that to bless Mary and advance Jesus in wisdom?

### His Richest Thought—His Mother

So in a thousand ways for thirty long years the delicate faculties of Jesus, made more keen and delicate by a son's most perfect love, gathered and stored away new and ever better thoughts of Mary. His eyes first opened unto hers in life and to hers they turned when about to close in death. Her voice made the first and sweetest music in His ears. Her arms enfolded Him and held Him to her lips in a mother's first and loving embrace. When the young man in the Gospel ran up and knelt before our Lord with great reverence, asking what he should do to receive life everlasting, "Jesus looking on [30]

## THE HEART OF MARY

him, loved him." What, therefore, were the thoughts which filled His Heart when His Mother's love enveloped Him and dominated His whole being? The thoughts that love and youth lay away in the memory are the longest thoughts of one's heart, and we may be quite certain that when perfect Son and perfect Mother grew up together in more than thirty years of the closest ties, the Heart of Jesus and the heart of Mary both were enriched daily with abiding memories.

### His Holiest Thought—His Mother

Then, lastly and most of all, there was every reason why Jesus should keep Mary, His Mother, in His Heart. He was sent to the lost sheep of Israel. The Good Shepherd knew all His sheep, even those who were not of His fold, and He had come to gather them all back from their wanderings abroad. Up and down the length of Palestine He went in search of His lost sheep. He was footsore and weary with the search, but He would not

[31]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

desist. One final effort He would make to draw all to the fold. Ah, that was a rough way our Shepherd traveled and that was a steep height He climbed! The thorns pierced His Head and He could not disentangle them. Feet and hands were held fast, and our Shepherd could travel no further, but His voice could still be heard and His Heart's love could still go forth over the dark ways and the desert wilds of the world and of all time, crying to His lost sheep to come back. In His Heart's vision He could see them all, as well those that were lost forever as those that came home soiled and bedraggled. He would know them; "I know Mine and Mine know Me." But most of all would He know the snow-white lamb of His flock, the one whose fleeces had never been touched with the faintest stain, the one whom He had shepherded from all eternity and kept forever in His fold. In His last, agonizing search for His lost sheep His Heart would find a place in It for His immaculate Mother. She loved her Son [32]

## THE HEART OF MARY

and Shepherd and kept Him in her heart, and He loved His Mother and the one whom He saved most perfectly and gave her a special place in His Heart. Mary, His Mother, was the best of the kept thoughts of Jesus.

## THE SAD HEART

*I have great sadness and continual sorrow in my heart.*

### THE BURDEN OF SORROW

#### The Cry for Consolation

**I** HAVE known great sorrow, real—not imagined, and the year just passed has been bitterly hard—a period, as some one has written, which you would have thought beforehand you could not bear and wonder when you look back how you ever did—a time to test faith and confidence and strength. And through it all outward cheerfulness to be maintained, but not a spark of it under the surface.”

#### The Lack of Consolers

Poor, aching heart! fountainhead of the world's tears, silent sufferer in the world's great hospital, stricken with a deep, gap-  
[34]

## THE SAD HEART

ing wound and inwardly bleeding to death. No one cares; no one knows; no one can know! Like the comedian in the story, you must laugh and make others laugh, and all the while a dear one is dead in your home. You must by assuming cheerful tones and affecting bright glances hang silver trinkets upon a coffin that is guarding death. No one suspects! It would take years with all their days and days with all twenty-four hours to tell the story, and what would avail the telling? The story is one that cannot be told; it must be felt; it must be lived.

### The True Consoler

The music and laughter of this world have been registered by modern science upon rigid, unyielding records, and distant ears may enjoy, as often as they will, the harmony and song and mirth of the world. But how can one rehearse with sympathy the sorrows of men, how can one reproduce to oneself the heart-aches of others? It is utterly impossible, unless

[35]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

there is in existence something which can feel, as deeply and as delicately as you do, all your sorrows, aching heart, and can throb with as dull and persistent a pain as your heart does. Be consoled. Although infinite knowledge and infinite sympathy and infinite love are needed for such a purpose, in God's great goodness we have them all. The Heart of the God-man knows and feels it all. The Heart of Christ is the balm for your aching heart.

### The Sympathy of St. Paul

Perhaps you have felt at times the effect of merely human kindness and have been relieved by slight attentions which were indications, like spars in the changing tides or straws in the shifting winds, of deeper and intenser movements. You forgot thus for a time your suffering. You will appreciate, then, the way St. Paul felt for his brethren, and from the picture he draws of his heart in sorrow and from its undoubted power to relieve, you will know what powers a more tender, a more

[36]



## THE SAD HEART

sorrowing Heart can have. Think then of these passages of the zealous Apostle. Recall his concern for the Jews whom he longed with a martyr's longing to bring to Christ.

"I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not, my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost that I have great sadness, and continual sorrow in my heart. For I wished myself to be anathema from Christ for my brethren, who are my kinsmen according to the flesh."

### The Sorrow of St. Paul

You who suffer so much, will be surely touched at the devotion of one whose heart aches like yours and with an unselfish sorrow. Recall, too, how St. Paul wrote a letter of reproof once to the Corinthians and then wrote again to console them after his severe reprehension. No doubt, you have had at rare intervals the letters of some friend who could make you forget your troubled heart for a long time. Then you will know that St. Paul had his heart-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

aches, as many another has and knew how to console others too.

"I determined this with myself," he wrote, "not to come to you again in sorrow. For if I make you sorrowful, who is he then that can make me glad but the same who is made sorrowful by me? And I wrote this same to you that I may not, when I come, have sorrow upon sorrow from them of whom I ought to rejoice, having confidence in you all that my joy is the joy of you all. For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote to you with many tears, not that you should be made sorrowful, but that you might know the charity I have more abundantly towards you."

Some of these words may not be fully understood without study, but one reading will afford you a glimpse deep down into the heart of St. Paul, and will give you a view of another aching heart. That knowledge and that sight will help you and prepare you for the Heart of infinite sympathy and infinite sorrow.

[38]

## THE SAD HEART

### The Multitude of Sad Hearts

Oh, aching heart, could you but take voice and speak, an inexpressible wail of anguish would rise and fill the homes of men and overflow into the ways and roll through the valleys and beat in its surging tide against all the hills the world around. Because you are everywhere, aching heart. The children feel you when their parents go or are such that they were better gone. The father knows you when his hope and pride leaves him in death or disgraces him. The bride or bridegroom suffers with your agony when orange blossoms yield with painful swiftness to the funeral flowers. But most of all, aching heart, your anguish abides within the mother's breast, whether the little one dies in the coming or makes its going sadder because its short stay has made it more lovable, whether the father of her dear ones prove shamefully unworthy or the children themselves are wandering and lost upon sinful ways.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### The Loneliness of Sad Hearts

“And the absence of relief and the loneliness of it all,” cries the aching heart. “There is no remedy from the whispers of praise or the touch of gold or the mocking laugh of dissipation. There is a slight help in the smile of friendship or murmur of sympathy or hand-clasp of love. These last indeed bring a message to me; they make the sluggish currents of sorrow sway; they stir the stagnant waters with healing movements; they are the angels that visit the pool of Bethsaida. They, however, lessen but do not remove my burden. It is still there when the friends have all gone, when the noises of life are hushed, when the lights are out and night with its terrors comes closing in. Then the pain throbs violently, then the ache burns; it is so intense, and I am alone, alone. No one there through all the dark hours as they pass slowly one after another, no one but I, the aching heart and my horror: my horror, disease; or my horror

[40]

## THE SAD HEART

ror, temptation; or my horror, remorse; or my horror, ingratitude; or my horror, wrong; or my horror, despair. There I battle till faintness and weariness come upon me, and all the time I am alone, alone."

## THE BURDEN LIGHTENED

### A Sadder Heart Is Near You

No, aching heart, you are not alone. Faith is not gone and that cries to you that God is in Heaven and all is right with the world. Hope is not gone, and its exultant tones are chanting: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away." And most of all, the greatest of these, charity is not gone. Near you, aching heart, is the Heart of Christ, charity in charity's sweetest form. His Heart ached in silence; His Heart was the only one that ever ached alone. Ten thousand

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

black ingratitude, ten thousand foulest wrongs assailed His Heart. Sin, too, fastened upon It but not His own sin.

### A Sadder Heart Suffers for You

All the heart-aches of all mankind and your heart-ache among them, known better than you can know it, felt more keenly than you can feel it, are pressing the sharp points of their thorns forever into His exquisitely sensitive Heart. Does your heart-wound gape wide? Look at the gash in His Heart which shall be open for all eternity, wider and deeper than yours, because containing yours. Is your heart crushed beneath the pressure of grief? Mark the Cross planted deep in His Heart. It was not upon Calvary's rocky ledges that the Cross was first erected, but upon the tender summit of His Heart. Nor could anyone know or possibly suspect the anguish of which His Heart was the centre. His Mother could dimly guess, and she was nearest of all to Him and had a heart that ached with His.

[42]

## THE SAD HEART

### A Sadder Heart Suffers Because of You

Have you not, then, unselfishness enough to forget your scarcely perceptible twinge of pain when you bring it close to the fathomless, boundless, every way measureless heart-ache of Christ? Especially when you remember that through Him your grief blesses you and blesses others? Especially when you remember that you have helped to sharpen those thorns and to deepen that wound and weight that Cross, which are ever at work crucifying His Heart? Is it not a slight consolation that you may be, if you suffer with Him and for Him, a martyr whose bleeding heart is fruitful for the souls of men? Have you not at least the generosity of the thief? Can you not sincerely say from your little cross: "I indeed justly, for I receive the due reward for my deeds. But this man hath done no evil"?

### A Sadder Heart Is Lonelier Than You

And you say you are alone? Indeed, sad heart, you are often so. But have you

[43]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

ever thought of the loneliness of Christ? You would not be lonely, if you could help it; He was lonely, though He could have had His Father and legions of angels. Does the night close in sadly upon you? Think of the bitter night-fall that darkened about the crucified Christ. Jerusalem had never witnessed in earth and sky a more fearful time. Yet within the Heart of Christ were darker shadows still. One by one all had left Him. He would die slowly; He would be tortured to death; He would not blunt any pain by taking it suddenly or with others. He sipped the chalice of His passion. His people left Him. The priests and Herod and Pilate went, and the spiritual and temporal powers went with them. Then His friends went, Judas and Peter dealing Him sad wounds as they departed. St. John and His Blessed Mother were dismissed, and their kind sympathy which hitherto lightened the burden on His Heart, was now set aside forever. Christ would be solitary. "I have trodden the wine-press [44]



## THE SAD HEART

alone." So last of all His heavenly Father leaves Him. The Heart of Christ is wrapped in black, impenetrable darkness. It is not despair, or He could not have said the moment after: "Into Thy hands I commend My spirit"; but it was a desolation, a heart-ache, which would have been despair in any other soul. The Heart of Christ faced Its horror, a divine abandonment, and faced it alone.

### A Sadder Heart Consols You

O sad heart of the world, when you taste again your sorrow, think of the tide of bitterness which rolled in upon the Heart of Christ. "The waters are come in even unto my soul. I stick fast in the mire of the deep, and there is no sure standing. I am come into the depth of the sea and a tempest hath overwhelmed me." "And I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none; and for one that would comfort me, and I found none." His Heart was alone, abandoned upon the wild waste of angry waters; noth-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

ing but blackness and death on all sides, and then that saddest of all cries that ever came from a human heart rose from the lonely Heart of Christ: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Christ need not have felt that sorrow, but He willingly did so because He would have you, aching heart, remember that He has made your hidden grief His, that He stood alone that you might never be alone. Whatever others may say or think or do, His Heart knows and His Heart cares, and the years to come, dear heart, must never be like the year just passed.

## THE HAPPY HEART

*Neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things are prepared for them that love Him.*

### THE JOY OF OUR LIFE

#### Happiness—an Essential Impulse

**H**APPINESS is the possession and enjoyment of good. The pursuit of happiness is the occupation of mankind. We do not perform any act except for good; we do not take a step; we do not move a little finger; we do not so much as lift an eyebrow unless we see at the completion of the act the attainment of some good. Take good out of this world, and every man, woman and child would stop still and do nothing until good came back again. If there was no happy harvest, would the farmer work? If there was no salary, would the laborer work? If there was no profit to be gained, would the rail-

[47]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

roads run, would the factories smoke or the mills keep their wheels revolving? If there was no honor, no glory, no good for God or man, would writers write, or speakers speak, or statesmen govern? If no charity existed or other virtue, would the Church continue or the schools, or would the Sisters and priests sacrifice home and all to take their places at the altar or in the classroom? No, surely! It is good which keeps the world going. From the infant, whose longing for happiness is hardly known except in its weak, helpless cry, to the old, who totter feebly to the grave with the hope of immortality in their dim eyes, all are tending toward happiness. Even the deluded suicide strives blindly but desperately to reach the same goal by hurling himself to death. Happiness is the motive-power of mankind.

### Happiness—an Impulse Towards God

Where does this universal, perpetual, invincible tendency come from and what  
[48]

## THE HAPPY HEART

does it mean? There is only one hand which can implant so deeply and so widely in man, and that is the hand of the Creator, and His purpose in setting the currents of our nature toward happiness was to start us toward Himself. The search for happiness is the search for God. "Who will give me wings like a dove, and I will fly and be at rest?" The longing for happiness fits wings to the soul of the Psalmist, and when he does fly to be at rest, what does he find? "If I take my wings early in the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall Thy hands lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me." The truly, the only happy heart is the one which rests in the hand of God. It is that final goal of the happy heart which St. Paul describes in the words of Isaias: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things are prepared for them that love Him."

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Happiness from Knowledge

What paradises have entered into the heart of man by the portals of the eye and ear and other senses of man! Nature has spread before his enraptured eyes its fairest scenes. The flowering plants, the falling water, the fields white to the harvest, the mountains lifting from green woods through dark forests to snow-white peaks, the ocean rolling off to the golden glories of the setting sun or breaking in silver spray on the beach, the arching vault of the sky with the bewildering succession of charms by day and by night, in storm and calm, these are the sources of happy thoughts which enter into the heart of man. And what is true of the eye is true of ear, and touch, and smell, and taste. Through every nerve there goes tingling the joy of life, in feel and savor, in sight and fragrance and sound, and all these joyous things gather in the imagination before they reach the heart and are made more attractive and enhanced a hundredfold.

[50]

## THE HAPPY HEART

### Happiness from Lower Good

Eye and ear and imagination give happiness to the heart by the knowledge they bring, and that knowledge prepares the way for a more thrilling happiness. The charm of what is true goes not to the heart like the charm of what is good. God has given to man the necessary but dangerous gift of the passions. Without food and drink, and the marriage bond, and the home, the human race would cease to exist. To keep the world going, God made happiness attend upon the exercise of bodily appetites. Sin abuses God's gift by perverting God's purpose and making the gratification of passion the end of life. The virtuous use, however, of the passions has helped to make man's heart happy. The swift couriers of the blood are forever bringing messages of joy and registering them in the heart in its increased warmth and activity, as day by day one after another of man's desires finds rest

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

in the lawful enjoyment of its proper good.

### **Happiness from Higher Good**

The happiness of sense and the happiness of passion are intense and overwhelming, and yet there are truer and more lasting joys for the heart of man. The arts and sciences, professional life, successful commerce and skilled craftsmanship, the state and country with their high offices and praises of men, the delights of friendship and interchange of hospitalities, home and father and mother, God's house of prayer and the sweet peace of conscience, are they not all fountain-heads of happiness? Does not every heart thrill at the mere enumeration of them and the memories they excite? Thence flows the steady stream of man's purest and unalloyed joy.

### **Happiness from Highest Good**

But after all that has been said the heart has still greater capacities for happiness. The eye is satisfied with the joy of seeing and longs not for the sweetness of har-

[52]



## THE HAPPY HEART

mony. The eye is made for one act and finds its delight in the successful completion of that act. The heart has larger capacities and a wider horizon. It tends, it is true, toward what it knows upon earth by sense and mind, but it also overleaps in its flight the sky-line of time and creation, sending its desires to eternity and God. Like the panting bird which struggles convulsively in your hand and beats head, and breast, and wings against your imprisoning fingers in a wild effort to be abroad in the limitless sky, our hearts throb against the barriers of flesh and mortality and know they will find their perfect fruition in Heaven alone. "Thou hast made us for Thyself," says St. Augustine, "and restless is our heart until it rest in Thee."

## THE LIFE OF OUR JOY

### Christ Blessing Our Happiness

Early traditions say that our Lord was never known to smile, and His features have always received in paint and

[53]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

stone a solemn and deep seriousness, bordering upon melancholy. It is hard for the human heart to think that the Heart of Jesus could be happy when it always bore the weight of the Cross and was always overshadowed by the sad hill of Calvary. We cannot forget the dark vision of Isaias who saw our Saviour "despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, struck by God and afflicted." However, of this fact we are certain, whether He felt happiness or not, at least He sympathized with it. There is not a joy which can enter the life of man from his coming into the world until his going out of it, which Jesus did not know and bless. He sanctified motherhood; He gathered the happy children around Him; by miracles He made happy His toiling Apostles, restored content to a marriage feast, filled countless hearts with consolation of new health and strength, and even opened the grave and woke the dead to life for the sake of sorrowing homes.

## THE HAPPY HEART

### Christ Glad for Our True Happiness

But the Heart of Jesus was as sensitive to happiness as our hearts are, indeed more sensitive, because He denied Himself the constant experience of it which we feel or try to feel. His Heart not only sympathized with joy, it throbbed with it, at least in its most unselfish form. He came to save souls, and whenever He knew His mission was successful, His Heart was happy. The three parables, in which He gave to the Pharisees a picture of His merciful Heart, all end with joy at the conversion of the sinner. He was the original of these parables, and as His lost sheep, lost coins and lost children were found, He must have been happy at heart. When His disciples returned to Him rejoicing in the success of their first mission, He is said to have exulted in the Holy Ghost, crying out, "I give thanks to Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth." On one occasion the conversion of a soul filled Him with such joy that He would have

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

none of the food His disciples offered Him. "I have meat to eat which you know not," He said, and pointed out to them countries white already to the harvest. There was joy for them all, for, as He went on to say, "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathered fruit into life everlasting that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Again, it was that same joy in the fact that souls were to abide in Him which made Him say at the Last Supper: "These things I have spoken to you, that My joy may be in you and your joy may be filled." Finally, it is that same unselfish joy which makes the Heart of Jesus rejoice daily even now with the angels when we and other prodigals come back to God.

### Christ Winning Our Happiness

Yet, despite all that Jesus knew of man's happiness and despite all He made happy, His Heart was usually unhappy. He took a Heart not because it was capa-

[56]

## THE HAPPY HEART

ble of joy, but because it was sensitive to pain. God gave us hearts that they might be happy; He gave Jesus His Heart that it might be sad. Indeed, the sadness of His Heart is the price of our gladness. Our thirst for infinite truth and infinite good would have been forever unslaked, had not the Heart of Christ shed its Blood for us. He paid for every joy, and though one ransom would have done for all, He seemed to have wished to pay for every joy its corresponding ransom. The joy of all the senses of Christ suffered that we might have that happiness in our risen bodies. Honor and esteem delight us and will forever do so in Heaven because Christ suffered dishonor and insult. Home and friendship and love of parents, all that gives us the truest content in life and eternity, have drawn their power of consolation from the abandonment, desertion and dereliction of Christ's crucified Heart.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Christ Sad for Our Happiness

What is most touching in the sadness of Christ's Heart is the swiftness and ease with which it might have been removed. Christ enjoyed the vision of His Father all His life. He was in Heaven while still on earth. The full floodtide of eternal joy might have at any moment inundated His whole body and made His blood-red Heart white as snow. What happened on Thabor could have happened even on the Cross, had He so willed it. The torment of dying by thirst is increased if water is near the lips, but cannot be touched. Such was the torment devised to punish sin in the fables of the old poets. The Passion of Christ in like manner was all the more intense because the horrors of His sufferings and death were a short distance from paradise, a distance which His generous love refused to lessen in the least. The Heart that might have been in Heaven, had He so willed it, was filled with pain and sorrow and laid open in

[58]

## THE HAPPY HEART

death by a spear. And why all this? That our hearts might be happy. St. John, describing the blessed, says: "The lamb which is in the midst of them shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life." It is the Lamb of God which shall bring our thirsting hearts to the sources of unending joy where we shall drink and drink, and without satiety long to drink forever. There shall all hearts be happy because of the Heart of Christ. Such is His promise; such the foundation of our hope. "You now, indeed, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man shall take from you."

# THE RESOLUTE HEART

*Exhort your hearts and confirm them in every good  
work and word.*

## BUILDING CHARACTER

### The Avoidance of Compromise

**C**OMPROMISE is an indication of weakness of character. The two things which a man of character keeps ever before him are right principles and right actions. Lay the tracks of duty straight and parallel; bring in your motive power by third rail or conducting wire, and your character is completely equipped for work. Mechanical systems of this world may be wrecked by various external forces, but while the soul remains true to its principles and motives, the character will never see a wreck, no matter what dis-

[60]



## THE RESOLUTE HEART

ease or disaster may bring grief to the body. Compromise is the interior foe of principles and motives. If it does not at once destroy them, at least it warps them from the straight path of duty or weakens their driving force. Character must stand firm against compromise; a resolute heart must oppose any lowering of principles, any weakening of motives. "Nail the flag to the mast and crowd on all steam," are the standing orders from the resolute heart. St. Paul puts the same truth in another way when he wrote to the Thessalonians: "Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions you have learned whether by word or by our epistle. Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself and God our Father who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope in grace, exhort your hearts and confirm them in every good work and word."

### The Mastery of Right Principles

The resolute heart needs the consolation and strength of God for which St.

[61]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

Paul prayed. It is difficult to get right principles, and equally, if not more difficult, to keep right principles. Knowledge, it is said, maketh a bloody entrance. Sloth and the difficulties of study and the dryness of learning and many another cause well known to teachers, make the acquisition of knowledge a bloody battle. Such is the case where the student is helped to some extent by curiosity, which is the appetite for knowledge. We are curious, as is well known, to get at truth. What, on the other hand, is the struggle which the soul must make to learn the science of the saints! For that science we have no attraction, no curiosity. In acquiring that science we have other difficulties with the addition of the greatest of all, the downward and evil tendency of our sinful natures. The knowledge of right principles maketh surely a bloody entrance. Many a page in the lives of the saints is stained with the blood of self-martyrdom.

## THE RESOLUTE HEART

### The Application of Right Principles

Nor is the battle over, when the lessons are learned. When the resolute heart has fought its way to right principles, refusing to compromise with indifference, ease, vicious tendencies or irksome tasks, then another continuous struggle begins in the application of these right principles to the government of life. It is one thing to admit to oneself that the commandments of God or the counsels of Christ should reign supreme in the soul; and it is another and quite a different thing to apply those principles to the occurrences of every day. "Does this course of action fall under the law?" "How far may I go in that direction without deserting my principles?" "May I consort with this person, utter that word or admit the thought that is now bidding for admission into the accepted friends of my mind?" Every one of these questions suggests a possible place for compromise, and we all know how often such questions arise. Prejudice and pas-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

sion assert their claims against principle, and the resolute heart must intervene to keep its principles from swerving toward the "primrose path of dalliance." "Of course, I admit I must not hate my enemies, but am I to believe that God intended me to love in my heart the one who has acted so meanly and contemptibly towards me?" "Of course, I admit the right principle of self-denial, but this one act of indulgence will not matter, and after all, there must be some letting up occasionally." These are examples of the arguments that present themselves to us daily when we face life with our right principles.

### The Claim for Exemptions

What makes this struggle more difficult is the fact that there are real exceptions to our right principles; there are cases in which the framer of the law did not intend to apply his ruling. Equity sometimes claims an exemption which the letter of the law does not allow. How, then, will [64]

## THE RESOLUTE HEART

the resolute heart hold steadily the balance of justice, giving full value to lawful weights on the scale-pan? We sometimes hear of the full calendars of our courts. There are so many cases that judges and jury cannot possibly hear the evidence and give decision fast enough to relieve the pressure of business. The resolute heart is judge and jury daily for thousands of cases, and in all it must keep true to its right principles and not compromise.

### The Descent to Lower Motives

More trouble still for the resolute heart! There is a compromise in good motives as well as in right principles. The motive is the impelling force which moves the will to act. Its importance in the soul arises from the fact that the will is free to act on this or that motive. A good motive cannot, it is true, excuse or justify a bad act, but a bad motive may vitiate an act otherwise good or an unworthy motive may render it less noble. The Christian, by his name and profession, takes as the mo-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

tive power of his life the imitation of Christ. Let us say he begins to compromise on his motives. Instead of the love of Christ, he adopts the fear of hell. The motive is good and meritorious, but it is not as noble as before. Suppose he lets go the motives which faith supplies and resorts solely and exclusively to those which reason offers. A profound change has taken place in his character, a change that will leave its record in time and eternity. He now avoids sin and practises virtue because of health or respectability or fashion or reputation. He no longer sees the eye of God looking over the horizon of consciousness into his believing and reverencing soul. He has compromised on his motives; he has narrowed the circle of consciousness and recognizes only the eye of man. He has substituted a policeman for a conscience. He has resigned his right to Heaven and has taken up motives which may be lightly dropped when the club has passed around the corner.

## **THE RESOLUTE HEART**

### **The Rise to Higher Motives**

The resolute heart must resist any compromise with motive. It must hold fast to the good, not relaxing and descending lower and lower in the scale of motives, but rather rising from sense to reason and from reason to faith, from earth to Heaven, and then, when in that lofty region, it must soar still higher, leaving behind the selfishness of fear or profit until it cleaves with God's "good hope in grace" to God himself in the unselfishness of perfect love.

## **TESTING CHARACTER**

### **Strong against Bodily Pain**

Will not the resolute heart flinch in this unending conflict with the spirit of compromise? It might if it forgot what St. Paul states: "Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself and God our Father hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation." That love is embodied for us in

[67]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

the Heart of Christ, and one manifestation out of many others may be found in the example which is given to the resolute heart by His resolute Heart. Our Lord had His principles and His motives. His life-long principle was God's will; His unceasing motive was love of the Father. Every action of His life was inspired and directed by that love and that will, but it was in the Passion especially that the resoluteness of His character was displayed, and it is there especially the resolute hearts will get their strength. Have we ever tried to understand the strength of His will, to fathom the depth of His resolution? From the moment He came from His prayer of submission in the Garden, uttering the words, "Sleep ye now and take rest. Behold the hour is come," until He himself declared the unequal combat had finally ceased, Jesus, the Son of God, had been pitted in mortal struggle against all the power of the world. Intense pain, physical torture, savage brutality had left His body one huge, writhing wound. Ev-  
[68]



## THE RESOLUTE HEART

ery fibre that responds to the throb of pain had sent its message of agony to His tortured soul. He became the sport of the forces of cruelty. The whole spiritual power of the Jews let the full stream of its pent-up vengeance burst upon Him. The relentless might of Rome, slow to start, rolled down on Him, crushing its victim with the barbarous strength of its soldiery. The populace of Jerusalem, increased to an enormous extent by strangers from beyond the city, turned the blind, unreasoning fury of the mob against Him.

### Firm Through Mental Anguish

But bodily pain was the least of His sufferings. His affectionate nature felt the greater agony. His friends forsake Him; His friends deny Him; His friends betray Him, bartering His life away for a trifle. The people of His adoption, they for whom He had done so much, for whom He was then laying down His life, they rejected and despised Him. The darts of venom, biting sneers, insults sharp

[69]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

and stinging, mockery keener to pierce the soul than any weapon to pierce the body, all these made a target of the sensitive and merciful Shepherd. The lips that had dispelled disease and death were bruised; the eyes that had looked in pity on the unfortunate were blinded with His own Blood; the face ever glowing with mercy and compassion was spit upon and defiled; the hands whose touch had healed, whose power had blessed, were fastened with piercing nails to the rough wood, and the divine Heart, beating with love for all, for betrayers, for persecutors, for murderers, was wounded with the sharp-pointed spear.

### Persevering with a Man-God's Resolve

Now, if we turn to the object upon which all this pain and cruelty rained, wonderful is the spectacle we behold. Jesus, our Saviour, ended His prayer in the Garden with a resolution, "O my Father, if this chalice cannot pass away except I drink it, Thy will be done." Our resolu-

[70]

## THE RESOLUTE HEART

tions are lightly taken and lightly broken. We understand not the resolution of a stronger will; we cannot conceive the resolution of a Man-God. But when Jesus going out of His agony said, "Thy will be done," in conforming Himself to that will, His own will became as steel. His body grew calm and majestic. His words were few, dignified and divine. His soul was rooted in unalterable patience. He moved among His enemies to His death, like a man of bronze. The storm of cruelty beat down upon Him, the whirlwind of fury raged about Him, and the waves of passion came breaking over Him with great might; but the Stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the Head of the corner, and the force of the tempest spent itself upon that rock and retired baffled. The tired body, the strained senses, the wearied mind were clamorous for repose, for solace, but the great will said: "Peace, be quiet," and their cries were hushed but not silenced. The gloom of desolation gathered thick

[71]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

about His soul, it pressed upon it with a heavy weight, but it could not crush the indomitable firmness of will. What, then, was the resolution of Christ, our Saviour? It was a resolution born of infinite love, formed with full knowledge of all that the keeping of it meant, taken freely, gladly, voluntarily. "He was offered because He himself willed it!" It was a resolution to drain the chalice, when to drink of it were enough for God's justice and our redemption. It was not stubbornness nor desperation. There was no blindness in it, but a penetrating knowledge of its consequences; no unreasoning fury, but the patient welcoming of all sorrow. There was no passion in that resolution, except the passion of love, great, intense, God-like love. It was a firm resolution, yet a gentle one; it was staunch, yet without violence; it was instinct with power, yet breathing meekness and affection. It was the resolution of a perfect man; it was the resolution of an all-loving God.

## THE RESOLUTE HEART

### Uncompromising in Principles

From first to last there was no compromise on principles or motives in the resolute Heart of Christ. When He said: "Not My will, but Thine be done," He laid what we might call the foundations of resolution, and the pressure of the Passion did but sink deeper and firmer into His Heart the law of God and the love of God, which formed the principle and the motive of all His life. When the fury of the storm had spent itself, the resolution was found still unshaken. "Into Thy hands I commend My spirit." The Heart that rested on the Father's will when the struggle began, found an eternal resting-place in the Father's hands when victory finally came to the resolution of Christ.

# THE HEART OF JOSEPH

*A just man.*

## VICTORIOUS JUSTICE

### The Heart Revealed in Motives

**K**NOW a man's motives and you know his heart. The motive is the heart's deliberate choice; it is the reason, fully and freely accepted, of the man's desires and actions. Aspirations and hopes may foreshadow what the heart will be; regrets will tell what the heart would like to have been; desires, consciously and deliberately embraced, are revelations of what the heart is. Such desires are characteristic of a man, because they are completely his and the outcome of his free will. The motive is the beginning and end, starting-point and final goal of the heart's desires. The

[74]

## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

motive is the heart's treasure, and if you know the heart's treasures, you need search no more. The heart is laid bare before you and you can look into its innermost recesses.

### The Motives of Many Hearts

Herod's weak heart is revealed in the motive which led him to murder the Baptist. He would not revoke a rash promise, "because of them that were with him at table." We know the heart of Judas in the motive of his objections to the anointing of Christ, "not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief." The rich young man seemed at first to have a generous, courageous heart, but when he turned away sorrowful from Christ's call, "for he had great possessions," then it was clear that his heart was not heroic. The reason, the motive, revealed the hearts of the weak and wicked; it reveals, too, the heart of the strong and saintly. The heart of St. Joseph is introduced to us in the first chapter of the New Testament where

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

he would not publicly expose his spouse  
“because he was a just man.”

### Justice in Art

Joseph was the just man with the just heart. But, you will object, has justice a heart? Justice is stern and severe. Justice is sculptured and painted as majestic but rigid and relentless, with scales and sword and blindfolded eyes. Does a heart beat beneath all that coldness and rigor? Justice, you will say, is a determination to give everyone his due; it demands a will to pay what is due, but what need or place has justice for a heart? Mercy, which is as gentle and refreshing as heaven's dew, feels ever the pulsing of a tender heart, but justice whets its knife and wants its full weight and measure, no more, no less. Shall we then insist on the fact that Joseph had a just heart and regulated his life by the motive of justice? Do we not make him forbidding, if we say he acted or refrained from acting “because he was a just man”?

[76]



## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

### Justice in Heart

The answer to this objection is easy, and we need not fear to speak of St. Joseph as the just man with the just heart. Justice, we should know, is larger and better than art and artists commonly make it out to be. Justice takes care of crimes and looks to it that the punishment fits them. Justice takes care of debts and sees to it that they are paid. These are such common and unceasing duties of justice that we forget that this virtue has a wider range than crime and credit. Justice pays all debts wherever and however due, debts of honor, debts of loyalty, debts of kindness. Justice declares that you should get the pleasure due to you as well as the punishment, and be paid with all consideration and fidelity and trust and goodness and tender love just as fully as with all the cash that is to your credit. Justice indeed weighs hell in its scales, but it also weighs Heaven, and it is much happier doing the latter than the former. Justice widens

[77]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

out until it embraces every virtue and measures every good and includes every person. Justice will not allow even mercy to be a defaulter. Surely justice has a heart, and there can be no doubt that the justice of Joseph had a large, tender heart.

### Justice of Joseph Tested

When St. Joseph appears before us in the Gospel, he is exposed to the most trying ordeal which can rack and torture a human soul. He does not, he cannot, doubt of the sanctity and spotless innocence of his virgin spouse, but he was to be tried and God did not see fit at once to reveal to him all the mystery of the Incarnation. Just as some years afterward he was left in sorrow and did not understand when Jesus left him and His mother, so at first he did not know all the facts of Christ's Incarnation. He would not judge wrongly, because he was just. He would not be wanting in the least consideration or in any shade of thoughtful kindness, because he was just. It was a sad search

[78]

## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

through the night and among strangers when Joseph sought for the lost Jesus. In his heart before that time he had already made another sad search for his loved one, for his peerless bride, who was enshrouded in the gloom of mystery. That Joseph could not or did not for a moment waver in his love and loyalty is absolutely certain, and the reason is because he was a just man. He would measure out to Mary every particle of love and trustful confidence and unswerving loyalty. He paid her every service and accorded to her the chivalrous fidelity of every thought and surmise. Despite every temptation, he would not admit the faintest breath of the slightest suspicion, because he was a just man, and his heart was the paymaster of his justice. Yet, with all that, we know he must have sorrowed; we know his virtue was tested and tested in the most delicate and most piercing way that a human heart could be tested. Because he was victorious is no sign that the battle was not a bloody one. God permitted the

[79]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

clouds to gather. Joseph could not see the light, did not know when the darkness would lift, but in his gloomiest moment his heart was just and true. He did not abate in the least from the fulness of any virtue. He had faith that the sun would shine and all would be well. He had confidence in Mary. No one else will ever have his justice subjected to so severe a test because never but once in the world's history has the miracle of the virgin motherhood come to pass, never but once has occurred or could occur a set of circumstances involving a severer trial of virtue than Joseph had to meet. We know then that his justice was supreme, because it rose superior to the most exacting test. Truly he was a just man.

### Justice of Joseph Triumphant

After this the heart of Joseph found it easy to be just. The sorrows and dangers were great, but his justice was securely enthroned and met all difficulties fearlessly and triumphantly. His heart was happy-  
[80]

## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

est in giving his full measure of love and protection and reverence to her whom he took to himself as wife and knew from Heaven to be God's Virgin Mother. His heart was prompt in giving to his earthly superiors all obedience due to them. With just obedience he went up to Bethlehem. With just patience and charity he sought for a suitable shelter for Mary. With just conformity to God's will he accepted the wretchedness of the stable, when all his endeavors for a better abode were fruitless. Fortitude amidst the toils and perils of exile, patience and conformity again, as before at Bethlehem, in the search at Jerusalem for Jesus lost, fidelity and unceasing kindness and watchful love for many years at Nazareth, the fulfilment of all his offices as husband of Mary, as foster-father of Jesus, as guardian and head of the Holy Family, all these virtues reached their full growth in Joseph. He was just, and his justice had a heart to it. He gave himself in full measure to all obligations and gave himself willingly and

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

gladly. No virtue was dwarfed or stunted; no good desire failed to flower; no act stopped short of its perfect fruitage, because Joseph was a just man.

### MERCIFUL JUSTICE

#### *Justice Wedded to Mercy*

It is an old question: What will happen when a force which nothing can stop meets a force which nothing can move? It is a similar and equally puzzling question how infinite justice can be allied with infinite mercy. Every work indeed of God's hands is endowed with justice and mercy. It is just because it comes up to the measure of God's wisdom and goodness and to the measure of its own nature and requirements. Every work of God is merciful because it confers good and relieves wretchedness. All His works befit Him; all His works bring a blessing. The Incarnation, however, is the work of God's hands which displays most justice and most mercy. In the Incarnation the in-

[82]

## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

finite malice of sin was compensated for by an infinitely perfect atonement and nothing could be more just than that. In the Incarnation God gave His only Son to be our redemption and nothing could be more merciful than that. The coming of God to earth fulfilled the prophecy of the Psalmist: "Mercy and truth have met each other: justice and peace have kissed. Truth is sprung out of the earth and justice hath looked down from Heaven." Love alone could bring about so wonderful a union. Where else then could these espousals be consummated, where else could God's justice and God's mercy become one except in the Heart of the Man-God, in the Heart of Jesus? The justice of God did not merely have a heart; it became a heart. His Heart was all justice and all mercy. The merciful Heart was infinitely just and the just Heart was infinitely merciful. The blood of the Man-God was to be the just and abundant ransom for our sins. His love was to shed that blood fully in sacrifice. The union

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

of all these elements of love and sacrifice and the complete shedding of blood is found in the Heart of Christ.

### Justice Loved by Christ

Justice is a precious virtue in the Heart of Christ. His desire, His eternal motive, was to effect the redemption of man by satisfying the justice of God. "So it becomes us to fulfil all justice," Christ cries to the Baptist at his baptism. The same thought must have filled His Heart when He was circumcised by St. Joseph. Because justice was to play so prominent a part in His life may be one reason why He wished to have justice so perfectly exemplified in His foster-father. Joseph helped Jesus in His early years to practise justice. All the trials of His birth and early youth, which He endured under Joseph's guardianship, were imposed upon Christ by the justice of His heavenly Father and were accepted in that spirit. The justice with which Jesus entered His public life in His baptism characterized all

[84]



## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

His days, and over His dead body as He went out of public life, the centurion cried, "Indeed this was a just Man." Joseph then was a man after Christ's own Heart. Joseph possessed justice and guided the earliest steps of Christ along the ways of justice, and that virtue excited in the Heart of Christ a still warmer and deeper affection for Joseph.

### Justice Transfigured by Mercy

The justice of Christ's Heart was colored and transfigured with mercy. It was all justice and yet all mercy. Every drop of His physical Heart is tinged with red and at the same time every drop is throbbing with life. In the same way every drop of His heart-blood is both just and merciful; it is the price of our redemption and passes as coin in the kingdom of God's justice, and is likewise the precious treasure which relieves our misery and is warm with merciful love. His Heart was the Good Samaritan to a stricken world, bearing the soothing oil of mercy and the sharp

[85]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

wine of justice for all its wounds. His Heart is the Good Shepherd, whose just concern will not rest till the lost sheep is home and whose loving mercy makes a happy holiday for the lost one. The Heart of Christ is the heart of the Prodigal's father, not content merely to restore the wanderer to his home and so satisfy the claims of justice, but glad and eager under the promptings of mercy to vest the homecomer in a new robe and to grace his hand with a ring and to start his new life with banquet and music and mirth.

### Justice Overpaid by Mercy

Should a creditor have a man owing him a hundred pieces of silver, justice will be satisfied if the debtor pays the hundred pieces, but the creditor will have both justice and mercy, and debtor and creditor alike will be satisfied if the creditor gives his debtor two hundred pieces of silver with which the debt can be paid and the debtor still be rich. This is the example St. Thomas gives us in his *Summa* to show [86]

## THE HEART OF JOSEPH

how justice and mercy can be reconciled. Apply the example to the Passion of our Lord. We are debtors with an infinite debt, and the just and merciful Heart of Christ pays our infinite debt in His own blood and bestows upon us in addition the wealth of an infinite reward. His blood is the wonderful treasure by which we can satisfy justice and remove the debt which else had brought us to eternal ruin and is too the selfsame treasure which can gain for us eternal happiness. His justice closed hell; His mercy opened Heaven.

### Eternal Justice and Mercy

The mercy of His justice is evident from the fact that His Heart gave lavishly of its treasures. A single drop of blood, a single ache, one only sigh had been enough for a God-Man to redeem a thousand worlds, but His Heart's mercy was not content with what was enough. He opened the fountain of His love and all its contents gushed forth. Nor have they yet ceased to flow. The shedding of His

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

blood still continues; His sacrifice still is offered up, and His Heart every day is pierced and every day gives of Its treasures and every day flows forth upon a guilty world. Nay His mercy endureth forever! The Heart which made and loved the just heart of Joseph, which made and will make all hearts just, will continue Its merciful kindness for all ages. The just who attain unto life everlasting, who look upon God face to face forevermore, shall always feel and know that their unsurpassed bliss comes to them through the just and merciful Heart of Him to whom Joseph, the just man, was foster-father.

## THE GENEROUS HEART

*Every one as he hath determined in his heart, not  
with sadness or of necessity.*

### GENEROSITY OF CHRISTIANS

#### 'Tis the Full Measure

**G**ENEROSITY and full harvests go together in the Word of God. "Give" and the corresponding words, "it shall be given you," are called sisters by one of the Fathers of the Church. He spoke in the spirit of the Gospel. The two acts of giving generously and receiving generously go together like sisters. When our Lord first joined these words in bonds of affection, He promised such a rich reward that generosity ought to be the most desired of all virtues. One need not be a farmer to appreciate His promise; if one has ever gone to the markets to

[89]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

make a purchase, then the richness of generosity's reward will be fully appreciated. No such measures are ever found in the close bargains which the greedy marketers of the world are daily driving. "Give," says our Merchant in the commerce of souls, "and it shall be given to you: good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give unto your bosom." A generous measure surely, if ever there was one! But mark the appropriateness: generosity is the reward of generosity.

### 'Tis the Bountiful Harvest

St. Paul had the same great ideas about generosity and its harvest. When exhorting the Corinthians to make generous contributions to their needy brethren in Jerusalem, he wrote, "He who soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth in blessings, shall also reap blessings, every one as he hath determined in his heart, not with sadness or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God

[90]

## THE GENEROUS HEART

is able to make all grace abound in you; that ye always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." The reward of generosity is not pictured as attractively as by our Lord, but the description is quite as full, and St. Paul taxes his powers of expression to tell us of the great reward: "all grace in all sufficiency at all times in all things for all good work." St. Paul tries to say by insistently reiterating "all," what our Lord put before us in that fullest of all measures, never seen except in this description and its fulfilment by Him. Besides describing the reward, St. Paul describes for us the chief quality of generosity. It is free, spontaneous, smiling, finding its joy in giving. He points out, too, the brimming source of generosity; it lies in the determination of the heart.

### 'Tis the Well-Spring of Life

The generous heart! Who is there that does not love generosity? It forms the largest part of the joy of our earliest mem-

[91]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

ories and it blesses our latest ones with its genial presence. Generosity found its first shrine for us in the heart of a mother. In a less intimate and less touching way, it came home to us in the daily, self-sacrificing toil of a father. We rejoiced to see it in the gifts and games and in all the gigantic little things which fill the life of the young and which are often graced by unselfish generosity. Our friends especially were generous. That happy virtue beamed from their eyes, rang in their cheery voice, and thrilled through the warmth of their clasping hands. In the world of business generosity was all the more precious from the fact that it was so rare in its manifestations. In the professions it showed itself to us in ways we would not wish to forget. Our best statesmen and patriots exemplified generous devotedness in toil and suffering and death. Our doctors and lawyers came generously to us in our hours of distress. Pastors generous in service were responded to by people generous in support [92]



## THE GENEROUS HEART

and united to form parishes generous in the worship of God. Child and parent, husband and wife, teacher and pupil, are brought together and blessed by the virtue of generosity. Like the wayside spring on a crowded thoroughfare it was ever bubbling forth and singing in its rich flow and glistening in the sunlight, dispensing joy, with no shortening of its stream, no lessening of its flood, no checking of its outward rush, but just giving, giving, giving, to everybody all the time.

### 'Tis the Wealth of All Virtues

No wonder we have loved generosity, whose name like the magic word in the fairy stories lays bare to our gaze a thousand treasures of the past. Yet generosity has still other glories to its credit. It is the philanthropist of the virtues and endows them all so richly that they yield an ample revenue. The purse-strings of the heart are loosened by generosity, and there is no niggardliness in well-doing. The virtuous acts are not doled out reluctantly

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

or sparingly, but stream out in floods, when generosity is present. Hope is full, and faith is unlimited, and charity is munificent and universal. The inward checks to virtue, selfishness and narrowness and low ideals and timidity are swept away; the checks which have an outward origin yield too, and the generous heart rises above likes and dislikes, above feelings and injuries, above prejudices of family or nation; all these ugly things disappear before the overrunning tide of generosity. They are petty trifles built up by little souls and are levelled into oblivion like children's sand castles before the sea. Generosity will not be withstood. When we think of it, we think of the free breezes of heaven, the wide-spread fall of rain, the great stretches of the ocean, the infinite love of God which has given in time and shall never cease to give for all eternity.

## THE GENEROUS HEART

### GENEROSITY OF CHRIST

#### Vast as the Incarnation

The Incarnation is God's act of generosity. It could not be greater. He gave, not the universe—He had already bestowed upon creatures that pale reflection of Himself; not the soul of man, an image indeed, still merely an image of Himself, but in the Incarnation God's generosity was the greatest it could be; it was infinite. He gave Himself; He could not give more. He gave a Person of the Blessed Trinity; He could not give anything greater. There was, too, a thoroughness in the way He gave Himself. He emptied Himself. The Divinity generously obscured Itself in the infinitely lower shadows of humanity. More yet! This precious treasure was lavished upon us, not as refined gold, massive and exquisitely pure; such a gift would assuredly bewilder us. No, our God became that "which we have heard, which we have seen

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled." The gold became coin and passed into currency among men and made them glad and purchased for them every good thing. God became Jesus, and in His generosity came very close to us. A child on the seashore taught St. Augustine that God could not be contained by a human mind, no more than a shell would hold the ocean, and yet the Divinity which in the words of St. Paul emptied Itself, was poured with all its contents into a Heart. There is the generosity of God, infinitely munificent in what He gives; infinitely condescending and accommodating in the way He gives.

### Broad as the Magi's Star

Nor was this largess to be stinted in any way by local narrowness or race prejudices. The messengers of Christ's birth called everyone. The angels' voices echoed over the hills of Bethlehem, and the star sent its rays far beyond the hills of Bethlehem. That starlight rose above the

[96]

## THE GENEROUS HEART

mountains of Judea and Palestine, spanning the intervening seas, and dawned upon the world. The human race became the chosen people. It was fitting that such generosity should meet with a generous response. The Magi came with their superb faith and tremendous courage and lavish outpouring of wealth. They gave certain gifts, but, as a preliminary, they offered all they had. Their first act after adoring the new-born King was to spread their treasures wide-open at His feet. The star of Bethlehem had taught its lesson well, and after lighting up the whole world with its rays, it shed perhaps its last light on the gifts of the Magi and lent new lustre to their gold.

### Full as Christ's Life

All through His life our Lord inspired the same generosity. He practised the virtue in its highest form and expected it from others. St. Paul has quoted for us the principle of Christ, and it is the finest thing which could be said of generosity.

[97]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

"I have showed you all things," said St. Paul at the end of a most touching sermon, "how that so laboring you ought to support the weak and to remember the word of the Lord Jesus, how He said: 'It is a more blessed thing to give rather than to receive.'" The Lord Jesus came to give. Others exist to work for themselves and their charges first of all, and then to work for others. Our Lord came to work for others. The human race was His mother and brother and sister. He gave all and gave generously. Not only in His multiplication of loaves did He have baskets of fragments over and above. In all His generous acts performed everywhere and at all times for all, without exception of nationality or belief, if we knew the whole story, we should find that the measure of His giving was the measure of the reward promised us, "pressed down, shaken together and flowing over."

## THE GENEROUS HEART

### Wide as Christ's Arms on Calvary

The ungenerous are known as grasping and close-fisted, whereas openness is the mark of generosity. The "opened treasures" put the Magi forever among the generous. The valiant woman is generous: "She hath opened her hand to the poor." The world with all its goods is a mark of the generosity of God. "Thou openest Thy hand and fillest with blessing every living creature." The openness is characteristic of our Lord. His hand was ever open in gifts and blessings. "Sell all thou hast and give" was His teaching and practice. His arms were opened wide to welcome the young and innocent as well as the sinful and old. And it is with generosity as with every other virtue; His heart found special, tender ways of teaching it. All His virtues reached their highest in the Passion, and there, too, generosity attained to perfection. "And I," cried our Lord, "if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." The open

[99]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

hands and open arms of generosity got a new meaning from the Cross. He put Himself there to show that He wanted to die giving, to be fastened firmly in the action characteristic of generosity.

### Lavish as the Sun in Openness of Heart

The sun is the most generous thing in the world of matter. Its fiery nature keeps it always radiating its energy. How long it will continue to do this is a question which puzzles scientists. Like everything generous, the sun has no selfish concern for its own future. It continues to pour out in all directions its life-giving heat and light. Every part of the world receives in abundance; seas of ice and wastes of desert sand, no less than plains of grain and fruit-bearing orchards. That openness of the sun and the royal largesses of its treasures may help us to realize the generosity of the Heart of Christ. Open hands and open arms were not enough. Generosity had further to go still. Generosity made the open Heart of Christ,

[100]



## THE GENEROUS HEART

and now has arrived at its fullest realization and is perpetuated in a most significant symbol. In the generous, open Heart of Christ is the rich, warm centre of our whole religious life. Thence radiates the fruitful and fostering grace of God, in never diminishing fulness, wasted, like the sunshine upon coldness and hardness or barrenness, or evoking in fruits of repentance or in new growths of holiness a response to that Heart's lavish generosity.

## THE PATIENT HEART

*The Lord direct your hearts in the patience of Christ!*

### THE TRIALS OF PATIENCE

#### Cooling the Fever of Sadness

**R**EAD the chemical description of different substances and you will find the chemist has accurately determined and is careful to point out what he calls the boiling point of each. That is the point where a liquid dissolves into vapor, where water bubbles into steam. The precise point is not the same in different substances and depends on their nature. What the chemist does for matter, patience does for the soul. Patience determines the boiling point of the heart. Sadness is the element which patience busies itself with, and surely patience has much  
[102]

## THE PATIENT HEART

to do to keep sadness from filling the heart with seething agitation and bubbling turmoil, to keep the worries of life from violently displaying themselves in angry words or deeds. What the Lord said to Isaias of the Jewish people is true of all people: "The whole head is sick and the whole heart is sad." Patience can never rest. It must watch the heart in trials and in pains. It must guard the sensitive feelings against sufferings, against sin and even against the heaviness of self. May St. Paul's prayer still find answer: "And the Lord direct your hearts in the charity of God and the patience of Christ."

### Facing the Evils of Life

That there is a great deal of evil in the world does not call for proof and to the impatient man none seems to be profiting by it except the officials of the weather bureau, the newspapers, some doctors and all the undertakers. The impatient man believes he could make a much better

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

world than this and run it in much better fashion, and, as far as he himself is concerned, he is probably right. He would satisfy himself at least for a while. His neighbors, however, would pray for the speedy restoration of Divine Providence. The impatient man would first try to improve the weather. He does not care to be seen shaking his fist at a rainstorm, an occupation in which it would be humiliating for him to be photographed and handed down to his children's mantelpieces. But he has often wished to do violence in his heart to the present arrangement of weather. After bettering the climate, he would likely try his hand at improving his neighbors. "Even Job," he has often said to himself, "had not that one living next door." It is always thus with impatience. Its wrongs are exceptional. The moderns have surpassed all ancient records, and it is his belief that the calamities of Job have been equaled and outdistanced in his regard through the sufferings brought upon him by the small

[104]

## THE PATIENT HEART

boy across the street. You may have noticed that there is nothing else particularly interesting in the universe for a fly, after it happens to cross the scent of a carrion. You have there and then the whole history of that fly. It stays in that carrion and becomes the ancestor of a long line of flies, who never stray from the old homestead. An impatient man has, like a fly, a very narrow outlook. He confines Divine Providence inside of his front gate, and his permanent occupation is to keep a close, persistent watch upon some small wound that he has festered by his fretting. He would surely make himself and every one else happier, if by patience he would raise the boiling point of his heart.

### Lasting Through the Stress of Time

It has been noted that if evil disappeared from the world, many virtues would go with it. Patience would be the first to go. It will not be practised in Heaven. It will win there finally a well-

[105]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

deserved rest. As long as it remains upon earth, there will be no day off for that toiling virtue. Even if health and climate and our finances are what they should be, they after all do not produce the greatest sadness and do not subject patience to the greatest test. Job's discursive comforters brought his characteristic virtue to a higher degree of excellence than bankruptcy, disease or disaster.

### Coping with the Character of Others

People speak of incompatibility of temperament as though it were a modern discovery of the divorce court. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that two perfectly compatible persons have not yet existed. You may join parts of a machine together because they have been molded to fit. Rough broken stones will settle together and macadamize after a time. But no two characters have been cast in the same mold, and if you eliminate the virtue of patience, there is no steam-roller huge enough to crush two individuals into

[106]

## THE PATIENT HEART

complete compatibility. The most ardent friendship that has been years in growing, that has been pledged at the altar and blessed by God, will not outlast the honeymoon unless the virtue of patience weld the marriage bond into perpetuity. All this talk about compatible temperaments is neither more nor less than a confession of the absence of patience. Read temper for temperament, and no further proof is needed for the statement. Physical temperament, family temperament, racial and national temperament are so many fine names of impatient temper. At the most, your temperament may be conceded to be your way of getting mad. The artistic temperament has been oftenest quoted and perhaps next to the term, liberty, it has served to cloak the largest number of vices. Excessive sensitiveness and impoliteness and inflexible adherence to one's own ways of talking and acting, and, in general, exaggerated selfishness, are some of the ugly things which parade as manifestations of the artistic temperament.

[107]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

Patience will cure the worst cases of temperament, restore to the world the fast disappearing virtue of compatibility, cement friendship, keep couples married, harmonize a family and bless home with abiding happiness.

### **Bearing with the Defects of Self**

So far patience with others; it is much harder still to be patient with oneself. Our limitations, our repeated failures, the value which we set upon ourselves turning out to be worthless, our moral bankruptcy, our very impatience itself, all give patience more work to do than do the world or our neighbors. We grow accustomed to pain and sickness, and our power of feeling is mercifully blunted, but some who are patient with a child or a weak limb, are not patient with their soul and its weaknesses. They resignedly face a defect in the body and do not expect a broken bone to heal in a day; but they are vexed at detecting a blemish in the soul and fret themselves sick because it is not removed at once. Self-

[108]



## THE PATIENT HEART

esteem is responsible for this gnawing spirit of discontent. How annoying to assumed superiority to find itself unable all at once to be superior in its own soul! If a bad habit is not instantly corrected, the proud, impatient soul forgets that habit must be overcome by habit; it rather acts as a Napoleon would, after conquering a whole country and finding himself baffled by one small fortress. His further advance is checked, his reputation is imperilled, and in his fury he brings all his forces to bear upon these impertinent walls until they are heaps of dust. Napoleonic tactics cannot always be practised in the soul. Patience knows that the sick cannot recover all at once, that the child must wait some time for manhood. Patience will not fly into a rage or yield to despair because defects do not promptly disappear. It knows that virtues are acquired only by long and continual practice. The sadness of disappointed self must not be allowed to set the heart boiling.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### THE TRIUMPHS OF PATIENCE

#### *Attaining to Peace*

It will be evident from what has been said that patience is not the virtue of weaklings. The fruit of patience is peace; it might even appear to be mere passivity. It is, however, the passivity which the riveted steel-plates of a boiler have. Beneath their quiet exterior is the immense pressure of steam which does its work and does not wreck, simply because governed and held in submission. Patience is the calmness of strength, keeping a thousand ardent feelings in obedient control. Never were immense passivity and immense activity brought closer together than in "the patience of Christ," in which St. Paul prays all our hearts may be directed. St. John in his Gospel and Apocalypse has made us familiar with the beautiful phrase, "the Lamb of God." "The Lamb of God"! A perfect picture of patience and an apt symbol of suffering [110]

## THE PATIENT HEART

and sacrifice! The lamb is so gentle that a child may stroke its soft, white fleece, and beneath the strong grip of the shearer it opens not its mouth. What could better describe the patience with which Christ faced all evils for us! The ardor of sacrifice throbbed beneath the calmness of the Redeemer. His patience was perfect because it had the most intense sadness to cope with, because it subjected that sadness to the most complete control. Infinite gentleness veiled infinite strength. The passivity of the lamb was joined to the inner activity of a lion. "The Lamb of God" is His patient Heart adequately described for us.

### Overcoming Personal Repugnance

St. John has called Christ the lamb slain from the beginning. Beginning of what? Some answer, eternity; others, time; others, from the beginning of His life. It will be enough to recall here the patience of His Heart in some features of His life. We chafe in contact with others. Sand-

[111]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

paper, no doubt, if it could think, would blame others for their roughness, and, judging from the side presented to its consciousness, would be convinced of its own perfect lack of friction. We are like sandpaper in our complaints about incompatibility. But think of the infinite incompatibility of Christ. Human nature was infinitely opposed to His divine nature, yet His patient Heart brought them together in His own Person. We admire the patience of a Damien in sacrificing himself to the lepers and suffering his healthy body to be united with foul disease. But the distance between disease and health is not a hair's breadth when compared with the chasm which yawns between Divinity and humanity.

### Instructing Difficult Scholars

Our Lord was a teacher all His life. We know what patience is called for in that arduous profession. Day after day ignorance and stubbornness and a host of defects in mind and soul must be made  
[112]

## THE PATIENT HEART

to yield to the touch of patience. "You can bake an apple," it has been said, "in a few minutes; but it takes months to ripen one." The class-room must patiently conduct the whole process of growth from the seed to the mellow fruit. Never did knowledge call for more patience in its imparting than in the case of Christ. The pupils He had were not of the best, and the lessons He had to give them were strange and hard. Virginity had to be taught to orientals; humility to sons of Abraham; charity to Pharisees; detachment and love of poverty to Jews, who dreamt of a restoration of the riches and power of Solomon. The patience of Christ was equal to the difficult task. A look was a hard and sufficient punishment in His schoolroom, and He patiently yielded to the stubborn Thomas and finished Peter's education by giving that generous heart an opportunity to return triple love for triple denial.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Persisting against Temptations

Christ had also to be patient with His own soul and here we get a deeper look into the patience of His Heart. He had to cope with the persistent evil of temptation. He permitted the evil spirit to approach Him and make his malicious suggestions and even to lay hands upon His sacred person and bear it where he wished. In that trial His Heart suffered what self must often be patient against, the thoughts, the suggestion, the persistency of tempting sin. In the case of His Heart the presence of evil was all the more hateful because He was so sensitive to its presence. The artistic temperament is not all exaggerated self. Taste may become so refined and delicate as to cause its possessor exquisite torture when brought into contact with anything which grates upon it. Who shall imagine the sensitiveness of Christ's Heart in the presence of sin? What would be the fate of a snowflake in the centre of the sun? How long

[114]

## THE PATIENT HEART

would its fragile fleeces withstand that monstrous enemy? And yet Christ's Heart was more sensitive to sin than anything we can imagine. Every drop of It shrank in horror from the frightful spectre of sin and fled precipitately through every passage to avoid that evil. "Behold the Lamb of God!" Not one sin alone, but the accumulated iniquity of all mankind fell upon that Heart, and a miracle had to sustain It from shrivelling like the spotless snowflake in the fire. Patience framed with Christ's red lips its most beautiful prayer: "Not My will, but Thine be done."

## THE GRATEFUL HEART

*Making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving  
thanks always for all things.*

### THE THANKSGIVING OF MEN

**Solemn Throughout the Mass**

**T**HANKS be to God," "God be praised," "Praised be Jesus Christ," these are all words dear to Catholic hearts and familiar to Catholic lips. They are expressions of gratitude. They put into words what every creature of God should feel when he sees the immensity of the debt he owes to his Maker, and his utter helplessness to repay Him except in grateful love. The Church in the Mass, her most solemn and religious service, is loud in her thanks. The three ministers of the High Mass begin the mysteries in the hushed prayers at the foot of the altar; they move  
[116]



## THE GRATEFUL HEART

slowly and silently to the right for another brief prayer, and then with the same solemn movement they pass back to the centre. Expectations are aroused; worshipers await in awe, and the first song of the celebrant echoes through the church in the angelic *Gloria*. In the exultant series of worshiping acts which the celebrant chants, at the very end comes the triumphant cry: "We give thee thanks for thy great glory." Again before the Mass relapses into the silence of the Canon, in rivalry with the answering choir, the celebrant chants the thanksgiving of the Church and proclaims aloud that it is deserving and just, it is meet and wholesome to give God thanks.

### Embodied in the Eucharist

But thanksgiving is not merely prominent in the Mass with music and chant at solemn moments; it is also the earliest and most common name applied to the sacred mysteries. They were called the Eucharist, the thanksgiving. Jesus at the first

[117]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

Mass took bread and “gave thanks,” and in like manner took the chalice and “gave thanks” before the bread and wine were changed into His Body and Blood. The Mass is the sacrifice offered by grateful hearts.

### Universal and Charming in St. Paul

St. Paul is full of gratitude. Most of his letters begin with the giving of thanks: “I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ for you all.” “Thanks be to God” rings out again and again through his letters. His grateful heart struggles to find full expression of itself. No thing, no time, no person must be omitted from the wide circle of St. Paul’s gratitude. “In all things give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you all.” “We also give thanks to God without ceasing.” “All whatsoever you do in word or work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks.” “I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanks-  
[118]

## THE GRATEFUL HEART

givings be made for all men." St. Paul's gratitude is as charming as it is universal. It was left for him to give us perhaps the most beautiful description of gratitude ever penned: a song of the heart. "Be ye filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things." No wonder the cry, "Thank God," rises so quickly, so often from Catholic hearts to Catholic lips. St. Paul tuned our hearts to the music of gratitude, filled our ears with the echoes of gratitude, and the sweetness of that echoing sound has not yet died away and never should.

### Ever Inadequate in Children

People forget; they do not think, and so they are not grateful. For years the mother lavishes her heart's love on her child, guarding it from harm, cherishing it with increasing love; and what is the recognition which the mother receives? She

[119]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

feels content; she feels richly rewarded, if her child does but know her and greet her with a smile. Most of the mother's favors and sacrifices are unrewarded, not because the child did not think, but because it could not think. For years it takes freely, eagerly, all that the mother gives and gives not back in return even one look of gratitude. The ungrateful child receives and richly deserves the scorn of all men, and yet that child, if most grateful, can never be grateful enough, because it does not know and cannot know all the favors its parents have bestowed on it.

### Ever Belated in Pupils

Pupils are proverbially ungrateful, at least while they are pupils. They do not mark or notice the toil of their teachers. They are unable to appreciate the drudgery of classwork. Instead of gratitude for the patience shown to them, they have rather resentment against their teachers for the pain they feel in being forced to give up their ignorance. Years after,  
[120]

## THE GRATEFUL HEART

when life has shown them the value of their school lessons, then they think, then they remember, and, feeling in their own lives the pangs of ingratitude from their own charges, they bring their long-delayed gratitude to the graves of their teachers.

### Lessened by Pride

Pride, as well as forgetfulness, is an enemy to gratitude. Gratitude is the recognition of a debt; it is bringing the heart to admit that it owes much to another. In grateful hearts such a recognition is cheerful and spontaneous. In proud hearts there is reluctance to admit any dependence upon another. We think we did most of our bringing up, when we were children; that we did most of our own educating, when we were students. So pride argues in its self-sufficiency. The favors of others are something due to our greatness. In fact, the favor is theirs, not ours. Do not thousands clamor to be introduced at court for the privilege of paying their respects to royalty? We, proud hearts,

[121]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

extend to the world the esteemed favor of kneeling before us and offering us the fruits of their industry, their sweetest flowers. The melody of gratitude is rarely heard in the proud heart. It was a satirist who stated that a race had been discovered so savage that they knew no words for gratitude, and in their language instead of "Thank you," they said, "Do it again."

Many of the children of God, many of the pupils schooled by His Son, because of their inadvertence, their ignorance, their forgetfulness, or their pride, are not "singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things."

## THE THANKSGIVING OF CHRIST

### Begun in the Incarnation

The Heart of Jesus is the best model of a grateful heart and is the most deserving object of worship for grateful hearts. If the hearts of mankind are ungrateful,

[122]

## THE GRATEFUL HEART

because they do not know what is done for them, or do not remember, or are too proud to acknowledge anything has been done for them, those hearts are utterly unlike the Heart of Christ. Christ, our Lord, knew and remembered and humbly acknowledged the infinite favors which God had bestowed upon His Heart. The Incarnation is the most stupendous act of condescension, the most marvelous favor which could be granted to the world. It was God himself, stooping from the infinite heights of His divinity down to the uttermost depths of our humanity. Great as was the favor of the Incarnation to us, it was greater to the human nature of Christ. That nature was lifted to a sublime height. It could not be more highly favored than it was. Mary was honored by the angels, was called full of grace, was the object of favor from the blessed Trinity; but close as Mary was to the Incarnation, she was infinitely distant from it when compared with the humanity of Christ. If Mary, then, was highly fav-

[123]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

ored—and no creature was more highly favored—how great must be the favor bestowed upon the humanity of Christ, upon the Heart of Christ. The mother is not the person of her child; she has not united to her the nature of her child; but God is the person of Christ's human nature and is united to it so closely as to make one being out of that wonderful union. From the Incarnation sprang a host of other favors and blessings upon the human nature of Christ and so upon His Heart, a most prominent and an essential part of His nature.

### Perfect in Manifestation

How grateful, then, is the Heart of Christ! Gratitude is the echo of a favor; it is the vibrating of the heart-strings in harmony with kindness shown. When the chords of two musical instruments are strung to the same pitch, if one is struck, the other, even though distant, will take up the sound and give off the same note. Where could the melody of gratitude

[124]



## THE GRATEFUL HEART

make truer or better music than in the Heart of Christ, sensitive to the slightest favors because so keenly conscious of them, thrilling in response to the least kindnesses because so fair in appreciating them, breaking into the sweetest harmony because so humble and ready to recognize God's goodness? If we understood and remembered perfectly and acknowledged perfectly all that was done for us, we should be perfectly grateful. The Heart of Christ, then, had the most perfect gratitude of any created heart because to infinite favors It made a perfect response; to God whose Heart It was, It offered most perfect gratitude in word and act and thought and in the fullest outpouring of thankful love.

### Frequent and Full in Expression

We know how grateful Christ's Heart was. In the most solemn moments of His life the thanks of Christ welled from His grateful Heart. Standing on the mountain in the presence of the five thousand

[125]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

men, besides the vast number of women and children, Christ gave thanks. Standing before the tomb of Lazarus, when about to perform the great miracle of raising from the dead, He again gave thanks, and in that final marvel of the Blessed Sacrament, once again He gave thanks. It was then He instituted the Eucharist, the Sacrament and service of thanksgiving; and when our hard hearts find themselves unable by dint of repeated efforts to cast off even a spark of gratitude at Mass and Communion, we may look back with some consolation to the Heart of Christ, whose tenderness and thoughtfulness and humility elicited that first, great act of thanksgiving for the gift of the altar.

### Heartfelt in Lessons for Us

The Heart of Christ was gratitude itself, and the Heart of Christ is the best source whence to draw grateful feelings for our ungrateful hearts. It is the love in a gift which makes it a favor. The kiss of Judas is like a smile on the face of  
[126]

## THE GRATEFUL HEART

death, covering corruption with the appearance of life. Could our eyes look into the hearts of our benefactors, we should know how great ought to be the measure of our gratitude. We might not respond because our hearts were cold and callous, but we should know what heartiness and sincerity should ring out in our "Thank you." Now, in the Heart of Christ, we have the evidence of the love with which He came to us, we have the measure to which our hearts should try to reach. The Incarnation came as a favor to us and the love behind that favor is the Heart of Jesus. There is the "grace of God, our Saviour"; there is "the goodness and kindness of God, our Saviour," which, in the words of St. Paul, "hath appeared to all men." In devotion to the Sacred Heart we look upon the Incarnation as the manifestation of love in its most winning form, and as the Passion was the completion and fruit of the Incarnation, it too has left its impress and seal upon that bleeding Heart.

[127]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Supreme in Christ's Passion

No doubt, Christ accepted and endured His Passion from countless virtuous motives. It was an act of obedience, of mercy, of fortitude, of justice, of patience, of meekness, of humility, of every virtue which found a home in the soul of our Lord; and it would be hard to say in that wonderful and attractive rivalry which virtue towered supreme. St. Paul singled out on several occasions the virtue of charity. "He loved me and delivered Himself up for me." Surely, we may look then on the Passion as the loving response made by Christ to the favor of the Incarnation. But what is gratitude if it is not love's reply to favors given, if it is not a heart reechoing the love of another? The Passion, therefore, was an act of thanksgiving for the Incarnation. Christ received life that He might surrender it in death; His Heart was filled with blood that He might pour out upon us Its divine contents in gratitude. Surely that Heart should

[128]

## THE GRATEFUL HEART

make our hearts sing with grateful love, giving thanks to God for all things. Should the sun which warms us drop suddenly through space like a wandering comet, in a very short time we should be cold in death. Imagine the sun withdrawn until we were on the verge of freezing, and then imagine it to leap back into the sky again and flood the earth with warmth and life. What a cry of thankfulness would arise from a rescued world! There would be one great hymn of gratitude singing in the hearts and breaking from the lips of mankind. Christ is our sun of justice; and His Heart is that sun's central fire. The souls of the human race were doomed to death, when suddenly the life and light of His Heart's love dawned upon us, "the Orient from on high visited us to enlighten them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to direct our feet into the way of peace." And where is the world's gratitude to the Heart of Christ?

# THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

*She hath loved much.*

## THE TENDER HEART OF REPENTANCE

**Sad over the Veiled Past**

**M**ARY OF MAGDALA, will you let us draw in outline the picture we find of you in the holy records of your Lord's life? We shall not lift the veil, as some have tried to do, and give those earlier days which the Gospel has set forth in vague, yet sufficiently serious, words. You had been a sinner, you would admit, a great sinner, and, in humble sorrow at your sad straying away but in contented peace at your blessed return, you would own to the title given to you by the Evangelists. Judas was the one who betrayed the Master; John was the one whom Jesus loved; you were the one from whom "He  
[180]

## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

had cast seven devils." You had fallen low; that the perfect number, "seven," tells us, but you had risen high, that we know from the perfect casting out by His power. Not in the dark days then before He came, but in those after days, bright with repentance and love and loyal service, shall we read your life and see in it the working of your scarred but tender heart.

### Silent in Service

We have not many words of yours set down for us. Rather were you silent. On that wonderful day in your life when you knew "He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house," when you made full answer to His call and came, you came in silence and you worked in silence. Your sighs and sobs may have been heard, but you tried, we doubt not, to suppress even them for His sake and to avoid others noting you when they should be, as you were, wholly taken up with Him. On that wonderful day you found your place at His feet and you took it in silence, and as you were on that

[131]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

day, so you were ever afterward—in silence, at His feet. He would speak, and you would listen. You had no thoughts, no words, no looks for aught else. You would not look at the past or think of it. When the deer has wandered over barren fields and worked its way through dense underbrush and after hours and hours of struggle comes suddenly upon the murmur and freshness of running waters, who would look for it to turn aside from that flowing feast and not rather plunge and hold fast in the cool currents dry lips and parched tongue? Such you were, panting after the fountain of waters. So your soul panted after God. The words of the Psalmist would come to you: “My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God? My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily: Where is thy God?” You were silent because your soul was beside the running waters. You had left sin and had eyes for the sinless One alone. You

[132]



## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

had abandoned the unholy affection of men and abided forevermore in the presence of the love of your God.

### Generous in Sacrifice

You were not simply silent about the past, but you broke with it utterly, with all its memories, with all its methods. Your new life was to be spent at the feet of Christ and there you brought everything and in generous, final sacrifice cast all before Him. Your precious ointment was poured upon His feet, and the alabaster box was broken that no part of the sacrifice might be held back. Tears filled your eyes and shed their more precious fragrance in glistening streams upon the lavished ointment. Upon the same altar you made offering of still fairer gifts; there were gently laid the loosened tresses, and there your lips touched in the oblation of true love.

### Abject in Consecration

We doubt not that you put your whole life beneath His feet, and as afterwards

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

thousands with the cry of "Hosanna" spread their garments before Him that He might tread upon them, so you cast your heart beneath His feet, should He desire to crush that bruised thing, which indeed He never would do. Yet you were willing it should be thus. You would reconsecrate your life to Him, and the heart with all its love, and the body with all the beauty God gave it, that before this drew men away from God by their brilliancy, would now attract men to God. Their holocaust made a more resplendent glory in the sight of earth and Heaven. The instruments of sin became the instruments of reparation and sanctity.

### Purified by Trials

You met in your new life what all meet who "will live godly in Christ Jesus." Your silence was to be tested and your sacrifice made pure by opposition. You were misjudged and misunderstood. It was not strange the Pharisee should have thought you still a sinner and wondered [134]

## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

that Christ, the new Prophet, allowed you near him. Stranger it was that the Apostles should oppose you in what had become your practice, anointing the Lord, as you did in life and after death, but they were led astray by Judas. He by greed and they by short-sighted charity objected to this honor to Christ. To-day we have so-called friends of the poor who rob them of Christ, a possession of the soul for life and eternity, for a few cents' worth of bodily pleasure. You did more for Christ's poor by securing to them belief in Christ's Godhead and leading them to seek from Him consolation of soul than you would do by any passing solace for the body in food or drink or clothing. Again you were tried and now not by Pharisee or Apostle, but by your own sister. We do not know well her motives. No doubt she was overworked and tired. She had all the responsibility of the hostess, the anxious care of the Guest. She did not know that Christ was content with simpler service. She spoke in vexation,

[135]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

and we hope your saintly sister had no jealous feelings, but only a desire for your assistance that time, when you took your usual station at His feet.

### Zealous, Though Gentle

Silence, sacrifice and suffering, they stand out in your Gospel life. Are we wrong in thinking that they show to us the tenderness of your heart? If you yielded to the pressure of evil where all was easy, you were more prompt, more responsive in yielding to the attractiveness of good, where it was hard to offer all and in return to meet with opposition, and still the while to be quiet and silent at Christ's feet. Nor must we think your tenderness was all passive. When there was need, you showed yourself to be a true sister of Martha. You forced your way to the foot of the Cross and on the day Christ, your Lord, rose from the dead, we hardly know you for the silent, patient one we saw before. That morning you had no rest at all, and every one heard your re-

[136]

## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

peated, anxious cry, "They have taken my Lord away, and I know not where they have laid Him." Courage and fearless zeal go with tenderness of heart. We have read of a woman facing and slaying a venomous snake in order to defend her pupils, and then swooning away when she had succeeded. In a similar way your tenderness responded to the gentle address, "Mary," and as you had been active before, now again you slipped to your former place at Christ's feet, clinging to them, as His words to you show us, just as you did in the Pharisee's house long before.

## THE TENDER HEART OF MERCY

### Forgetting All Guilt

Did we address Mary of Magdala in that fashion, we can very well imagine what answer she would make. "Speak not of anything I have done, I, the sinner to whom my Lord was good enough to reach down His hand, to lift up from the

[137]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

soiling earth. Speak not of any good thing in me or in my heart. There is no good thing there of my fashioning. What I made of my heart, my Lord in His kindness bids me now remember no longer because through His mercy the number of my transgressions which rivalled the multitudinous flakes of the snow, and the hue of my sins which was as scarlet to His pure eyes, both are no more. The hideous, hectic rout has been swallowed up more utterly than the Egyptians of old in the waters of the Red Sea.

### Condescending to the Fallen

“No, speak not of any tenderness of mine which has more shame to it than it has honor, but speak rather of His tenderness, think of and dwell upon the delicate, quivering sensitiveness of His Heart of love. If I were silent at His feet, it was out of abashed wonder at His condescension. That He regarded me at all, that He permitted me that station, was so great a favor that I was left breathless and  
[138]

## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

helpless. Words would be vain, and what words should my soiled lips form and my sinful voice utter? Silence befitted me, but mark His tenderness. He had stooped down to my bruised life, which was like a reed trodden upon, and raised it aloft and gave to it wholeness again. The breath of His love played upon the soot and black ashes of my scorched life, as so much burning flax, and amid grimy smoke found the smouldering spark and made it leap into newer, purer flames.

### Eloquent for the Silent

“Nor did His tenderness stop there. When I was silent, He spoke for me. Such strange, such large, such divine words! His own goodness He described when He said, ‘Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much.’ His own graciousness He spoke of when He made mention of what He Himself had given me, ‘Mary hath chosen the best part.’ And as if all this were not enough for the sinner in whose heart seven devils had

[139]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

taken up their abode, He in His divine mercy deigned to tell His Apostles: 'She hath wrought a good work unto Me. Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also what she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her.' What need had I for aught, unless it were for deeper, profounder silence, when His tender Heart gave utterance to such speech?

### Gracious for Trifling Sacrifices

"Then you speak of my sacrifices. Sacrifices of what? A bruised reed, a smoking flax, a wasted life? It was no sacrifice to give; it was a favor that He should accept. Compare not the clean, precious vesture of His enthusiastic followers to what I threw before Him. That was the fitting place for my soiled heart, not for their bright robes. If He found it better wayfaring on the stained tissues of my life than on the rough, black roads of mankind, it was again not anything from me, but everything from His kind-

[140]



## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

ness. My life and all the gifts He gave me and that I abused, were honored in being permitted to serve Him and wait upon Him and be consecrated to Him. And did you not mark His tenderness here too? Have you not known a tender mother in her great love for her child to be so good as to be interested, to grow enthusiastic, to be gladly appreciative when he laid before her a bit of glass or some other such worthless trifle he had picked up in the dust of the wayside? The mother was gracious; the child was overjoyed. Such was the tenderness of my Lord's Heart to me. He noted, He dwelt upon each and all of my trifles and was pleased. 'She with tears hath washed My feet and with her hair hath wiped them. She hath not ceased to kiss My feet. She with ointment hath anointed My feet.' Surely He who remembers every little act and numbers them and makes so much of them; surely He has a Heart more tender than a mother's.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Champion of the Sinner .

“My sufferings are mentioned. Ah, I suffered not from the opposition of others, from rash judgments or misunderstandings. Others never treated me as harshly as I deserved, and what if they had? The severest attacks were nothing to me now. I was as one over whom had swept a violent storm but who was then at peace. The storm of the new opposition came not into my soul. It seemed to me far away. The lightning flash glowed faintly and the thunder was only a gentle murmur. Around me was the refreshed air and the clear sky and the bright warmth of a sun, new-born out of a tempest. I was in the sunlight and exhilaration of His presence, and, resting there, the violence of the storm did not ruffle the calm or break in upon the hush of my peace. Most of all I minded not opposition because He became my defender. How could I ever have been thought worthy of that boon from Him? I was not worthy, but out  
[142]

## THE HEART OF MAGDALENE

of the overflowing tenderness of His Heart He flew to my defence as He guarded promptly, eagerly, all those whom He gathered under His wings. The death of my brother drew tears from His eyes. He was in a moment to call him back to life, but that immediate joy did not restrain His tears. No heart of man could have or dream of such tenderness. As with my griefs, so with all that threatened me He acted as defender. Neither could any defence be better or fuller or more thoughtful and tender. Finally, in His last battle, He fought for me and He fought for you and for us all with His Heart. He put His Heart between us and our sins, although their sight was enough to cause Its tenderness to shrink in terror and drive Its blood out upon His body. He put His Heart upon the Cross and laid It open to the hard, sharp spear. He went down to His death in defence of us all, and sacrifice and suffering is little, nay, no return for his tender kindness."

## THE CONTENTED HEART

*Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts.*

### OUR WORRY

#### Happiness and Content

**C**ONTENTMENT is not the same as happiness. Job was not happy, but he was content. "The Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken away. Blest be the name of the Lord!" The sick, the mourning are not happy, and yet are often content. Hospitals and sanitariums have many hearts beating contentedly within stricken and tortured bodies. Happiness passes; content abides. Content is the smile on the face of patience; it is the temperance of desires. Discontent is fretfulness and rawness of heart and soreness of soul and the riot of desire. In content we say, "I have not everything I want, but I am de-  
[144]

## THE CONTENTED HEART

terminated not to be disappointed in what I have." St. Ignatius of Loyola spent many years of his life building up what he named the Company of Jesus. To see that established was his life's ambition and his heart's desire. If his newly recruited religious army were to be destroyed, it would take fifteen minutes, he thought, to be reconciled to that disaster. After that he would be content, although, of course, he would not be happy over the fact and not satisfied at the condition of affairs.

### The Brood of Unsatisfied Desires

A modern instance may illustrate the absence of content. A father wished very much to make his little son happy on his birthday. He thought in his great kindness that it would be good to allow the boy to choose his own gift. A fatal decision! The boy went with his father to a toy-store and was about to choose the first thing which met his eyes when unhappily something else was detected, possessing qualities the first object lacked.

[145]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

There was no more content in the boy's heart and there could not be. Had the father been a millionaire, he could never buy a present to suit. The fairyland of a toy-store with all its colors and shapes and sounds had dazzled the boy's eyes, passed into his childish imagination and awakened a multitude of desires within him. He went away grasping one present, but discontentedly thinking of a thousand other possibilities. St. Ignatius would be content, though he lost what he loved better than life; the boy was discontented, though he possessed the gift of his choice. The desires of a millionaire joined to the income of a day-laborer will never fail to produce the fretful heart of discontent. Lazarus had more content with his crumbs than Dives at his banquets, and Herod on the throne was troubled while his intended victims exiled themselves into Egypt, sadly but contentedly.

### The False Healing of Pride

Would you like, worried dweller of this  
[146]

## THE CONTENTED HEART

world, to have a contented heart? Have you not looked upon life with a child's eyes, disappointed, dissatisfied, with one toy, a little wealth, a little fame, a little fashion, and with a thousand dreams of other brighter toys, dreams never to be realized but always vexing and tormenting your heart? Have you any of that unalterable content the saints had? Could you face with equanimity the undoing of your life's work, the loss of all you hold most dear? Would fifteen minutes reconcile you or would even fifteen years reconcile you to the taking away of even one little source of slight happiness? If you answer that you have not a contented heart, then I say, do not look for it in pride. Pride hides disappointment; it does not heal it. The world will suppose you are contented, your friends will think so, and you would fain persuade yourself that you are contented because you vehemently and persistently tell your heart that it is and must be satisfied. A coat of mail will not cure a weak heart, and con-

[147]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

tentment is no surface thing like the imperturbable, unyielding expression of pride. Neither does contentment, like pride, harden or make callous. Contentment goes deep below the surface and permeates and fills the heart and leaves it tender throughout.

### The Illusory Distraction of Sin

Look not for contentment in dissipation. Dissipation postpones the inevitable. The swiftest ride must come to an end; the most humorous and dazzling play has its last fall of the curtain, and the banquet hall must after all be deserted, and you shall have to tread it alone where "lights are fled and garlands dead." No, you cannot pluck contentment out of the mad whirl of pleasure. The contented heart forgets much and should forget much, but when its sorrows are submerged, they go down to fathomless depths and rise not again. Dissipation disgorges in sadder condition whatever goes down into its turbulent waters and strews the shore

[148]



## THE CONTENTED HEART

with wreckage and débris. The truly contented heart can remember and still be at rest.

### The Imperfect Remedy of Paganism

Seek not contentment where the pagans of old sought it, in stoicism or in fatalism. The stoics did not admit the evil; the fatalists made themselves callous to it. The stoics said, "Pain, poverty, disaster, death, should not disturb you, because they are not real evils." The fatalists said, "These things should not disturb you, because they cannot be helped." The former cried, "Don't worry: what's the sense?"; the latter cried, "Don't worry: what's the use?" Both systems contained elements of good and stoicism made nobler men, but both succeeded in making a contented heart in one way only, by the simple process of turning it into marble.

### The Perfect Remedy in Christ

Where, then, will you find the contented heart? Let St. Paul answer you: "Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts."

[149]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

The meaning of the word which our English version renders "rejoice" is in reality "arbitrate or decide," and St. Paul advocates making the peace of Christ the arbitrator and judge in our hearts, the settler of all disputes. "He Himself is our peace." Christianity accepts the estimate put on virtue by the stoics; it accepts the truth of the fatalists that evil must be, but Christianity introduces a Divine Person to both classes of pagans. God, a living and loving Being, permits the evil of the world and out of it draws good in time and will draw eternal good when time is no more. The will of God, the Providence of God, are the principles which give true, permanent content to the heart. "God's will be done," is the cry on Christian lips, and the echo of that cry in the heart is contentment.

### OUR PEACE

#### God's Will in Christ's Birth

If true content means a heart-beat in unison with God's will, then Christ, our  
[150]

## THE CONTENTED HEART

Lord, had that true content in a preëminent degree. Contentment might be called peace which has found its way down into the heart and sheds its daylight there. A casual glance at the life of Christ will show that peace ever filled His Heart. The Angel of the Annunciation bade Mary fear not. His precursor, St. John the Baptist, was to precede the Orient from on high and bring all to true content. When Zachary's prophecy of his son rose to its exultant height, it closed with that crowning duty of the precursor: "To direct our feet into the path of peace." The angels of Bethlehem made peace in the Heavens the burden of the song they sang over the stable where Christ was born, and down in the manger His Heart beat with peace and content. In everything, in the four sides of His crib, in the four walls of His first home, in the swaddling clothes, in the gloom, the sordidness, the dishonor, He saw the will of His Father. All this was the very sign and evidence, designed by Heaven to prove

[151]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

He was the Saviour. "This shall be a sign to you." Christ lived the prayer of the "Our Father" before He taught it to His Apostles, and His Heart beat in harmony with His Father's will from first to last. Here at Bethlehem if one had the ears of faith to hear its throbbing, in every throb there would be contentment and perfect accord with Divine Providence. No one had a better will than the new-born Christ; no one had a juster claim to the contentment that was promised that night to men of good will. When the angels sang in Heaven, "Peace on earth to men of good will," the Heart of the Babe of Bethlehem reëchoed in the manger, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

### God's Will in Christ's Life

Contentment possessed the Heart of Christ when the Father's business made Him leave Mary and Joseph in the Temple. Contentment swayed His Heart for the thirty years that, in obedience to God's will, He was subject to them in [152]

## THE CONTENTED HEART

Nazareth. In sadness, but in peaceful content, He went out to His public life, humbling Himself to John's baptism because so it became Him to fulfil all justice, burying Himself in the desert under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. When He cried to the angry waves, "Peace; be still," He gave a proof of His power to give greater content to the human heart in the many occasions in which He said to the suffering, "Go in peace and be thou whole," and proof too of His sway over the stormier waters of the sinful hearts which He reconciled to the will of the Father by pardoning their sins: "Go now and sin no more."

### God's Will before Christ's Passion

In peace and contentment He entered upon the closing scenes of His life. On Palm Sunday, "when He was now coming near the descent of Mount Olivet, the whole multitude of His disciples began with joy to praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works they had seen,

[153]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

saying, 'Blest be the King who cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in Heaven, glory on high.' " But as His followers echoed the angels' song of Christmas, He wept over the city of Jerusalem because it had not the contentment of being true to God's will. "If thou also hadst known and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes." It was to procure for us the things that are to our peace, that Christ was now going into Jerusalem. He had taught His disciples to make the prayer for peace their first wish on entering a house: "Peace be to this house," and now, as he was leaving them He made that peace His last wish: "My peace I leave you; my peace I give you."

### God's Will During Christ's Passion

With the same consecration of His Heart to God's will and therefore with the same contented Heart, Christ went to His agony and death. The bitterness of the chalice, the sting of the lash, the sharpness

[154]

## THE CONTENTED HEART

of the thorns, the keenness of nail and spear, the poignancy of separation, the torment of thirst, the maddening anguish of insult and mockery, the horror of Divine abandonment, all fell upon His Heart and rent it, but robbed it not of content. "Father," He could still say, "into Thy hands I commend My spirit." To pursue the story farther is unnecessary. "Peace be to you," was ever on the lips of Christ in His risen life, and from Him the wish passed to His disciples, who went forth, "preaching peace by Jesus Christ." St. Paul took up the prayer and began, continued and ended his Epistles with the prayer for peace, and so down the centuries the prayer that the peace of Christ be with us, that contentment be in our hearts, has been taken up and uttered with fervor and then passed on to a new generation. "Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts," is the prayer of time and the pleasure of eternity.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### God's Will the Foundation of Peace

The peace of Christ will bring true content of heart. It is deep and lasting, not founded on forgetfulness or dissipation, not seen in the self-blindness of fatalists or in the flinty hardness of the stoics. The peace of Christ is based upon a true principle, not on whims or false theories; it rests upon the firm, unchanging foundation of God's will. Christ's Heart will make contented hearts, if they will live and act as He did. Pain, sorrow, poverty, disgrace and other misfortunes are not able to destroy the content of a heart which models itself on Christ. Neither can sin, the only evil, an evil which attacks the very principle of content by opposing, not admitting, God's will—neither can sin destroy content, if we remember that Christ's Heart lived and died to rid the world of sin and has "reconciled us in peace."



## THE CONTENTED HEART

### Resignation to God's Will not Stagnation

The peace of Christ does not mean passivity. Resignation to God's will does not spell stagnation. Growth, improvement, is the will and law of God. We see that law in every living cell, in every member of the body, every faculty of the mind, every ambition of the soul. God gave capacities and wanted them to be realized. "The Kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the earth and the seed should spring and grow up—first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. And when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." So body, mind and soul are to be fully developed in God's way and produce a full harvest. Resignation does not mean acquiescence in stunted growth, but it means contentment after best efforts for improvement. Christ's Heart is the example of true content and is the guarantee to us that even evil has no power to destroy our content

[157]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

or injure the principle upon which it is based. The human mind cannot imagine a greater evil than the murder of a God-Man, and yet out of that greatest of all evils God's will has drawn the greatest of all goods. The Heart of Christ crucified and content is the brimming source of the world's contentment.

## THE HOPEFUL HEART

*Hope confoundeth not because the charity of God  
is poured forth in our hearts.*

### LETHARGY OF SOUL

From the Absence of Hope

**T**HERE is no hope." If those four words were wholly true, the energy of man would disappear and a universal palsy would benumb the world. Commerce and education, arts and professions and trades, health and sickness, growth and decay, civilization and science and religion, all need hope and practise hope. In the region of the north the rivers become solid blocks of ice, creeping slowly to the sea; in the absence of hope the currents of life would not move, however sluggishly; they would be fixed in the hard and fast immobility of coldness and death. Hope  
[159]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

melts away lethargy and makes the energy of life run free and smooth. When evil threatens us, we begin to fear for our hope; when evil is unavoidable, we cry out: "There is no hope." Wherever evil most abounds, there that sad cry is oftenest heard, "There is no hope."

### From the Evils of Pain

The hospital hears the cry. In that sad spot the pains of the world are gathered: the pain which is the price of man's entrance into life, the pain which lurks like an assassin along all the ways of man's life, the pain whose pangs torture man out of life. Is there a moment in all the twenty-four hours in which some anguished lips do not whisper sadly: "There is no hope"? The last draught of medicine has been taken; the last incision of the surgeon's knife has been made; and with the last clasp of the hand and last touch of the lips and look of the eye, hope is submerged by the dark incoming tide of evil.

[160]

## THE HOPEFUL HEART

### From the Evils of Sin

The soul of man, too, as well as his anguished body, must struggle lest the cry of "no hope" ring despairingly out of its gloomy depths. For the soul sin is the great evil which grapples in a death-struggle with man's hope: personal sin and the sins of others. Dishonesty and immorality and intemperance and hatred of a fellow-man, these are the evils which sweep in upon the soul, become another, blacker self, closer to one than his shadow and near to one as life itself. To pluck out those habits which have fastened upon the soul so firmly and have grown in so deeply, will be like plucking out and tearing away some organ of the body, parting currents of blood, rending the quivering flesh and severing the countless fibres of sensitive life. Is not the soul, contending with evil habits, tempted to moan: "There is no hope"?

## **THE HEART OF REVELATION**

### **From the Multiplication of Evils**

The crimes of others also press upon the tortured soul. Never was man's callous brutality to man more widely and more quickly known than to-day. The telegraph and the printing-press multiply the crime or disaster almost instantaneously, and what was an evil to one or a few becomes an evil to all. A shudder encircling the globe quivers through mankind, and every heart registers the evil and participates in the grief just as the delicate needles of scientific instruments record every vibration of the earth from some far off earthquake.

### **From Injustice Between Men**

Never were evils of others more grossly exaggerated or painted in blacker colors than they are to-day. Civilization seems to be breaking up into two camps, employers and employed. The intimate personal relations which used to exist, when manufacture was conducted on a smaller scale,  
[162]

## THE HOPEFUL HEART

have now in many cases disappeared. Men work for stockholders whom they know not and see not, who do not seem much concerned for them and for whom they themselves are not much concerned. Agitators take advantage of this separation to breed discontent. On the one hand, people who hold property forget their obligations and the rights of others. They are like a man, as has been said, who owns an untamed tiger and walks along the street with it, held in check by a shoestring. On the other hand, the employed forget their duties and listen to false teaching and to incentives to violence. The injustices of governments and tyrannical majorities who trample on the rights of minorities are added to other injustices. All this evil tends to drive people to despair. The soul moans: "There is no hope."

### From the Many Ways of Death

Then there is ever the gloom of death overshadowing mankind. Life is a continual struggle to keep out of the grave-

[163]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

yard. Physicians may multiply and remedies become innumerable, but the patients outnumber them both. When science stamps out one disease, other new ones take its place. Shipwrecks or train-wrecks, fire or flood, wars, pestilence or famine, these and a million other causes which cannot be put under a class, are avenues leading to the same burying-ground. We all know that our doom is sealed; we are all condemned to death. The missile of our death may have a slow velocity or a swift one; it may be travelling through a long barrel or a short one, but the trigger has already been pulled, the bullet is on its way and in a short time it will do its deadly work. "There is no hope."

### The Mass of Evil and False Remedies

Gather together the anguish of mothers and the cries of weak infants, the moans and screams of the hospitals, the groans of remorse, the curses and imprecations upon crime and injustice, the sobbings and laments over the dead, and listen to the  
[164]



## THE HOPEFUL HEART

evil of the world as it rises and falls like the roar of a great storm over the dark waters of a shoreless ocean. That is the cry which hope must hush; that is the evil which hope must hush; that is the evil which hope must compensate for, if it cannot remove. Hope must strike the drug from the hands of those who seek the despair of stupor and must stay the hand of the suicide who blindly runs to the despair of the tomb. Hope must not let remorse drive the victims of habit to the despair of dissipation or the victims of injustice to the despair of violence. Hope must dispel lethargy and recall animation and activity; it must wipe away tears and light up saddened eyes; it must still sobbing agony and bring peace where it cannot inspire joy. All who say: "There is no hope," must hear the cheerful and confident answer always, "There is hope."

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### ENERGY OF SOUL

#### Goodness Incarnate in Christ's Heart

Hope has a gigantic task to perform, and we may be sure it will not disappoint those who have it. This is the testimony of St. Paul, who from the intensity of evil argues to hope. "We glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not because the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts." The hopeful heart is so superior to pain and other evil that it even glories in tribulation. The reason is not far to seek. "Because the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts." Hope holds fast to the goodness of God. As one of the theological virtues, hope clings to God Himself; it fastens itself upon God's certain promises. St. Paul states the truth in the words just quoted: the charity, that is, the love of God, is the sure foundation of hope. St. Paul is right. The Heart of [166]

## THE HOPEFUL HEART

Christ, which is God's love made flesh, should fill the hearts of mankind with the flood of hope. Nothing else can do so better. The Heart of Christ is all goodness; the Heart of Christ has conquered all evil and bears in Itself the remedy to all evil and the answer to all of the world's despair. The hopeful heart then will reach up to God through the Heart of Christ. Heaven and God are the goal of Christian hope, and the distance has been shortened by the Incarnation and the end seems far nearer, now that God's love comes to us in so attractive and winning a form, revealed to us in the wounded Heart of the Man-God.

### **His Wounds—Assuaging of Pain**

So, wounded heart, you who suffer pain in the world's hospitals, you must never let those cold words cross your lips, "There is no hope." Before you is the Heart of the risen Christ. He invites you to bring your hand and put it into His side and to believe and hope. His Heart has not per-

[167]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

mitted Its wounds to close that you might not despair. His death has made your pain rich in merit. Suffering was a penalty for sin; Christ's death and resurrection has made suffering a source of grace, a promise of greater happiness. Christ suffered to enter into His glory; you suffer to enter into your glory. So when you are in pain, you are travelling towards the reward of hope, and when earth has exhausted its powers of relieving your pain, you have almost reached the end of your journey. Before you is the risen Saviour with every scar radiant, with His wounded Heart resplendent as the sun. Tribulation has worked glory for Him and it will for you. Your pain is the pledge and guarantee of your hope. Turn not, then, away from this fountain of hope to the despair of stupefaction. Drugs may relieve you, they should not be allowed to destroy you. The saints in their trials, the martyrs in their torments, exulted in their pains because they fixed their eyes upon that Heart which proved to them [168]

## THE HOPEFUL HEART

that wounds and anguish are the distinguishing and consoling badges of God's friends, just as they have become the glory of Christ's Heart.

### His Rising—Destroyer of Sin

And you, sinful heart, wherever you may be, do not you either despair. What if sin has brought you to the death of the soul; what if habit seems to have sealed you in the dark grave by the weight of a tombstone; one touch of the risen Saviour and the stone exceeding great was rolled away on the first of Easter. Remember, too, that the earliest fruits of the resurrection were lavished on sinners. Peter and Thomas and Magdalene, she upon whom lay the heavy weight of habit, out of whom Christ cast seven devils, these were the ones Christ opened His Heart to. So do you, tortured heart, who are tempted to despair, look up and you will see Christ before you, with the cry of peace on His lips, extending to you the invitation to approach to His wounds. Those wounds

[169]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

were made for your sins, and every sight and thought of His wounded Heart must be an increase of hope for you. Christ has conquered sin and the world and the flesh and the devil, and His Heart remains forever as the splendid memorial of that victory. The return to innocence will not be harder under that standard. Through that avenue of love and mercy and infinite forgiveness which lies open before you, make your way, despairing heart; through the wounds of the Heart of Christ you will find hope.

### **His Suffering—Relief of Injustice**

And you, worried heart, who feel the injustices of the world, do not have recourse to violence, which is really a kind of despair. Do not think that injustice is to be met by injustice. Christ, you know, was a victim of the cruelest injustice, but He did not take up the sword or call upon His Father for legions of angels. No; He prayed for His persecutors, He died for them and made His crucifix-  
[170]

## THE HOPEFUL HEART

ion, not their condemnation but their conversion, should they so desire it. To-day also the hopefulness of love and not the despair of violence must unite the warring factions of the world. The rich do not possess all rights and no duties; the poor have not all duties and no rights. Love must make wealth and power merciful and service faithful. The owner of an income from stocks and bonds must not look upon them as a well whose source goes through rock and earth, he cares not whither if only its supply fail not. The fountain of his wealth may pierce through flesh and bone and tap the stream of life-blood. Wealth, therefore, cannot look with unconcern upon the Heart of Christ, if wealth knows its income is pressing a cross into any human heart or tightening a crown of thorns about that heart or draining away man's life through gaping wounds. To the poor likewise Christ's wounded Heart teaches love, and love will be the answer to those who appeal to violence. On Calvary the world's violence

[171]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

met Heaven's love. They clashed in the Heart of Christ, where violence was defeated and love triumphed, and peace was made between man and God. The Heart of Christ will therefore be the best bond of union and the solid assurance of hope among men and will keep you patient and hopeful, worried heart.

### His Death—Eternal Life

Lastly, frightened heart, do not despair because death is all around you, under foot and overhead. The nearer death comes, the more you must hope. Death is not the end of all. Christ's Heart died; Christ's Heart began to beat again in life. The heart within your breast will cease to throb; its substance will pass into dust, but the vision of the risen Heart of Christ is your most certain assurance that the dust will once more take shape and warmth and life and begin again to throb within you. Hope, too, when your friends are stricken down in death before you. Think not that you are going farther and farther [172]



## THE HOPEFUL HEART

away from those whose hearts were filled with love for you and are now in dust. Hope has other thoughts for you than that. You are not ten, twenty or thirty years farther from your own, but all those years nearer to them. "We do not grieve as those who have no hope," St. Paul teaches us. The Heart of Christ reminds us that all the hearts now dust will throb again with renewed life.

### The Greatest Evil the Greatest Good

There is every reason for hope in the Heart of Christ, wounded, crowned with thorns, surmounted with a cross and yet transfigured with the splendor of Heaven. Then fix your eyes upon the Heart of Christ and cease not to hope. Christ entered into what seemed to human eyes a most hopeless conflict, one man against the greatest civil power and the strongest, not to say most fanatic, religious power then in the world. A weak, human frame contending against an accumulation of physical tortures; an innocent soul with-

[178]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

standing the immense mass of the world's iniquity! What could be more hopeless? Yet the Heart of Christ is before you to testify to the wonderful, exalting outcome of that conflict. From pain came joy; from torture, bliss; from weakness, strength; from disgrace, resplendent glory; from sin, sanctification; from death, eternal life; from the slaying of God, the saving of all mankind. Most astounding paradox that ever was or could be! The Heart that met pain, sin and death on Calvary is before you, hearts of the world, painless, sinless, deathless; "always living to make intercession for us"; and could there be anything more hopeful than that?

## THE ZEALOUS HEART

*You have bitter zeal and there be contentions in  
your hearts.*

### QUINTESSENCE OF CONCENTRATED MEANNESS

#### Jealousy—Fallen Angel

**T**HERE is a volume of sermons in the significant fact that zealous and jealous were once the same word. Strange and yet true! Jealousy is a fallen angel of the choir of zeal. How did jealousy corrupt its noble nature and fall so low? Zeal is truly a heavenly thing, the overflowing of charity. Fill your soul to the brim with love of God, and you are good and holy; let the precious contents pour out upon the souls of others, and you are zealous. Zeal always has its eyes on foreign missions. It is restless at the sight

[175]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

of evil; it feels the pressure of its own earnestness; it moves abroad and sets to work to remove and utterly root out every wrong. Until all sin ceases, until all souls are saved and occupying the highest possible places in Heaven, zeal will not be content.

### Jealousy—Degraded Rivalry

Where, then, is the kinship between "zealous" and "jealous"? It is in this. Zeal has a narrower sense than the one just described. It means rivalry and emulation. In fact, while jealousy was growing worse, zeal seems to have been growing better. Zeal after a time left out of sight the rival, whom it was trying to equal in the getting of good, and strove simply to get more and more good for others. When, on the other hand, rivalry became more intense and more selfish, then jealousy came into the world. The zealous rival is sad that he is inferior to another and strives to make up the deficiency; the jealous rival is sad that another

[176]

## THE ZEALOUS HEART

is superior and would be glad to see him robbed of that advantage. Zealous rivalry fills up the valleys to the level of the mountains; jealous rivalry tears the mountains down to the level of the valleys. There is not much difference in statement between getting better than another and getting the better of another, but there is a world of difference in fact, and it is represented by the difference between a zealous heart and a jealous heart.

### Jealousy—Described by St. James

St. James in his Epistle describes the jealous hearts for us, using of them the terms, "bitter zeal" and "envying," which are expressed by the same words in the original text. "You have bitter zeal and there be contentions in your hearts: glory not and be not liars against the truth; for this is not wisdom, descending from above; but earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and contention is, there is inconstancy and every evil work."

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Jealousy—Described by a Chemist

“Jealousy is the quintessence of concentrated meanness.” That is the definition given to college students one Sunday morning twenty-five years ago by a professor who for that same number of years had taught sciences. He was a chemist, and he knew the full meaning of all these words. To get a concentrated solution, he had often to keep a liquid simmering long over a hot fire. To produce eight ounces of attar of roses, he knew, would take three thousand times that weight, or one ton of rose-petals. So he concluded that a vast amount of meanness was needed first of all in a highly condensed form, and then he would have to go to an infinite deal of care and trouble to pluck out the heart of that solution and isolate for inspection, jealousy, the meanness of that meanness. Was the professor exaggerating? He did not seem to be to his listeners, and he will not seem to be to anyone [178]

## THE ZEALOUS HEART

who has studied the evil nature and marked the ruinous effects of jealousy.

### **Jealousy—Cancer of Human Love**

Certain poisonous growths are like plants and will not thrive except on a proper soil. Cancer, for example, grows on flesh, preferably human flesh. Jealousy has its proper soil; it fastens upon friendship as its suitable place. It is the cancer of love. Its favorite abode is the home and the family. The first appearance of it in creation came very early. Was it not envy or jealousy which helped bring about the fall of the angels? Another creature of God, they were told, was to be better than they. The created nature of Christ was to be united with Divinity, and we may well believe that jealousy formed part of the malice which gave birth to the first rebellion and the first sin. "God created man incorruptible, and to the image of His own likeness He made him," says the Book of Wisdom. "But, by the envy of the devil, death came into

[179]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

the world." Does Wisdom refer to Eve's sin or Cain's sin? If jealousy is not one of the sources of all sin, certain it is that it was the cause of the first murder. The favor of Heaven excited the jealousy of Cain.

### Jealousy—Wrecker of Homes

Jealousy has lived up to the fatal promises of its beginning. Joseph and his brothers, Saul and David, are further proofs, if needed, of the murderous issue of jealous thoughts. Remake the history of the world, leaving out jealousy, and behold the happiness of friends and families, and listen to the harmony of the loving home. Brother will live in friendship with brother, and sister with sister, each happy that the other is blessed. The favor of Heaven will not make them "exceedingly angry" or make their countenance fall as in the case of Cain. They will not strive to kill those whom they cannot perhaps equal. The favor of parents will not bring to their lips the piteous whine of the elder [180]



## THE ZEALOUS HEART

brother of the Prodigal. "I never had singing and dancing for *me*. Thou hast never given *me* a kid to make merry, but thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

### Jealousy—Dyspepsia of Souls

The contemptible meanness of jealousy is shown clearly enough by the number of homes it has wrecked. It is still more evident from an inspection of the way of acting and the motives of jealousy. Jealousy is essentially a creature of darkness. It is a kill-joy. Its evil eye, and black, malicious glances are often mentioned in Scripture. It makes its possessors unhappy. They waste away. Jealousy "hath a lean and hungry look." It is the true dog in the manger, snarling, snapping at all comers. No dog ever wanted hay, but this cur is so mean that, if it cannot have the hay, it will let no one else have it. Revelation and common sense, history and experience unite in condemning such sour selfishness, such dyspepsia of the soul. Modern science in the person of one of

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

its professors was right in asserting that jealousy is the quintessence of concentrated meanness.

### QUINTESSENCE OF CONCENTRATED GENEROSITY

#### Zeal Aflame in Christ

That the Heart of Christ was afire with zeal needs no proof. It is depicted to us as radiating heat and flame. If zeal is the excess of love, then what is the measure of excess where the infinite love of God is put into a human heart? The coldest, hardest iron when subjected to heat will glow to whiteness, radiate its energy, dazzle the eyes with its splendor, and when struck, burst into a shower of sparks. What then shall we say of the tender, sensitive Heart of Christ when caught up into union with the Person of God and made the instrument of His love? Its zeal will be as nearly infinite as can be. "I came to send fire upon earth, and what would I but that it be kindled?" Every  
[182]

## THE ZEALOUS HEART

particle of zeal found in the Apostles, the missionaries, the teachers, the Saints of the Church, are but sparks cast from that great conflagration.

### Zeal Eager to Win All

That the Heart of Christ could have no jealousy is equally clear. The sun is not jealous of the struggling beams of a candle millions of miles away. A thought of jealousy would come as near to that Heart as a drop of water would to the centre of the sun. Its nobility, its Divinity, kept the base pettiness of jealousy at an infinite distance. If the jealousy of the fallen angels met that Heart on first being revealed to creatures, then that is proof of the eternal enmity between jealousy and the Heart of Christ. It was the mission, too, of that Heart to reconcile a world to God, to win back to Him all the love that should be His, and that means all the love there is. God wants it all. He calls Himself in the Old Testament a jealous God. Because, just as zealous was used

[183]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

in a bad sense, so jealous is used in a good sense. God is jealous lest the smallest part of His children's love should go from Him, and the Heart of Christ is zealous to sweep all hearts as fuel into the holocaust of love that should go up from creatures to their Creator.

### Zeal—a Foe to Jealousy

Every consideration, then, kept the Heart of Christ from jealousy and filled It with more and more zeal. His experience in life would serve to increase His antagonism to jealousy. He would find jealous feelings growing up among His Apostles and almost breaking into open enmity when a fond mother urged the claims of her ambitious sons to a special place in His kingdom. It was necessary for Him to become more and more popular, to gain followers and advance in power. It was unavoidable then, that He should excite jealousy in mean spirits. Not all were like St. John the Baptist. There, surely, was a large and noble soul,  
[184]

## THE ZEALOUS HEART

far above the narrowness and pettiness of jealousy. He welcomed the new Leader; he pointed Him out to his best disciples, checked those followers of his who were envious of Christ, and went into solitary obscurity and to death with the profession of that splendid principle, which is the cure of all jealousy: "This my joy therefore is fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease." Other leaders, however, were not like John. They did not view the growing power of Christ as the generous heart of the Baptist did. "What do we?" they cried; "for this Man doth many miracles." "From that day, therefore, they devised to put Him to death." Their motives were no secret. Pilate was weak, but he was shrewd enough to know that jealousy was the cause of their enmity to Christ. "He knew that for envy they had delivered Him." Jealousy then committed its greatest crime, bringing about the crucifixion of the Son of God.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Zeal—a Sacrifice unto Death

The Heart of Christ was zealous to convert and heal these jealous hearts if so it could be. Once His zeal flamed forth and, making a whip, He drove those from the Temple who were making of it a den of thieves. The evangelists saw in that action the fulfilment of prophecy. "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten Me up." Now the time had come when God's great temple of creation, the whole round world, wherein stood a fallen race, was to be cleansed of all its defilement. No longer would lash of cords suffice. A stronger power must now drive the thieves from the house of prayer. The zealous Heart dies for the jealous hearts that murder It. Infinite justice from the crushed and bruised Heart of Christ drew the fragrant savor of full sacrifice. Would our old college professor let us call the zeal of Christ the quintessence of concentrated generosity?

# THE HEART OF PETER

*Thou knowest that I love Thee.*

## HUMAN ENTHUSIASM

### The Age of Automatism

**T**HE age calls for quick results. One man and a machine for a number of years past have been doing the work of a hundred men and have made a great saving of time. Now we want to get rid of that one man and have the machine run itself. "Make it automatic," is the cry of the day, is the demand of all and the dream of the inventor. Have fewer agents; shorten the time, and the quicker will be the results. I may write articles with a self-filling fountain pen, put them on a self-lifting elevator by which they are carried to an automatic type-setting machine. Then they are put on a self-oiling, self-

[187]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

inking, self-feeding, self-folding, self-binding printing-press. We need not pursue the history further. It is only one chapter in our automatic age. Those who believe the universe runs itself, do not find it hard to believe that a small portion of it may be made to do so. Some have eliminated God, who is the only self-sufficient being in existence, and for them the elimination of man is not a matter of much trouble. If they believe in perpetual motion on a large scale, why consider it madness on a small scale?

### Enthusiasm—Automatic Energy

Quick results are as much desired in men as in machines. If we want physical energy right under our thumb, ready to respond to the touch at the right time and in the right place, without the intervention of a thousand agents, much more do we want moral energy equally ready, equally responsive. Because moral energy of that excellent type is not always available, men have made the saying, "If you [188]



## THE HEART OF PETER

want a thing done, do it yourself." It would be ideal to convert all of us into self-sufficient automatons, able to conduct a modern department store or a modern elective university all by ourselves. The ideal unhappily cannot be realized. We need others; we depend upon one another. How then shall we get quick results? Prompt, responsive, automatic energy gives such results in machines. Enthusiasm will do the same in men, because enthusiasm may be very easily defined as prompt, responsive automatic energy of the soul.

### St. Peter—an Enthusiast

The topic of quick results now under discussion leads us naturally to the great Apostle St. Peter, whose heart we set out to study. Christ, our Lord, was looking for enthusiasm. He was not to establish an automatic Church; He did not propose to eliminate a pilot from the vessel which He was launching for a voyage over the centuries of time. Peter had the enthu-

[189]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

siastic heart, and His Master, who looked for quick results as eagerly as we do, chose Peter to be the chief agent in His Church. Peter's life, as we see it in the New Testament, is a splendid example of enthusiasm both in overcoming obstacles and in attaining results.

### **His Enthusiasm Self-Starting**

Enthusiasm must conquer inertia, that quality by which we keep on going when started, and keep on stopping when stopped. The first difficulty for the enthusiastic heart is to start from motion to rest or from rest to motion. St. Peter may not irreverently be styled a self-starter. When the seraph touched the lips of Isaias with a burning coal, his heart was fired with enthusiasm, and he cried: "Lo, here am I, send me." St. Peter had been touched into flame by more than a seraph and a glowing coal, and he promptly responded to a word, a look, a thought of his Master. No one is first to speak and act oftener than he. He was first among [190]

## THE HEART OF PETER

the Apostles by his authority, but he was first too in other ways. Nothing could chill the ardor of his enthusiasm. Using a figure of speech, we say that those, who discourage others, throw cold water. St. Peter was not afraid of cold water. When he saw Christ, he was out of the boat at once to walk or wade, as the case might be. It happened, unfortunately, that he faltered and sank, because his faith was not then of the same ardor as his enthusiasm. Force or fear could not check Peter's enthusiasm. His hand flew to his sword and he wielded it before the mob in the Garden and singled out the servant of the high-priest, who was no doubt a leader of them. Death offered no terrors to daunt Peter's enthusiasm. "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death." There is no question of his sincerity and enthusiasm when he said that. It is true he failed in the supreme test, and as on the waters before a gust of wind or a white-capped wave his faith proved weak, so before an accusing crowd and a scornful

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

laugh, his resolution broke and broke disastrously; but this shows a lack of other virtues, not a lack of enthusiasm.

### **His Enthusiasm Irrepressible**

No, Peter had no lack of enthusiasm. His voice was ever ready to burst into a shout; his muscles were ever poised for a leap; his foot was ever lifted for a run; his hand tingled and ached for instant action; even his tears had the promptness of enthusiasm and gushed forth at a look. He was not like the character of the dramatist, who cried: "Anon, anon"; he cried with Isaias: "Lo, here am I, send me." He might make mistakes, but he believed, no doubt, with the one who said: "The man, who makes no mistakes, never makes anything." He might have to be pulled out of the water, he would not be found crouching timidly in the hold of the ship. He might have to be rebuked by his Master with the severe words, "Get thee behind Me, Satan," but it will be noticed that he deserved the rebuke for being too

[192]

## THE HEART OF PETER

far front. Peter's first fault was that he was too enthusiastic. He was always at boiling-point or went off too quickly, because it was touch and go with him. His heart was overcharged with energy, and was released into instant flame or force. He was responsive, prompt, automatic. He had the heart of an enthusiast.

## DIVINE ENTHUSIASM

### Eager to Shed Its Heart-Blood

The Heart of Christ was attached to the heart of Peter because in it He saw the qualities needed for His Church. A leader wants enthusiasm in his followers. People who move when they are pushed, who cannot go of their own accord, are not desired where a cause is to be forwarded. St. Peter had initiative and energy and so was singled out by Christ to be the Head of His Church. There was too another reason for Christ's choice. His Heart found in Peter's heart an answering trait. The Heart of Christ was filled with the

[193]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

purest and highest enthusiasm. To be prompt and responsive, to run where others walk, to fly where others run, these are characteristic marks of enthusiasm. To do all that in the face of difficulties and hardships and sufferings is supreme enthusiasm. To leap for others into humiliation and disgrace, to rush to a torturing death that others may live, that is divine enthusiasm. If the tears of Peter sprang swiftly into his sad eyes, every drop of Christ's Heart-blood had a swifter speed, a more exultant enthusiasm. The drops came to His Heart only that they might rush forth again. When Christ outstripped His Apostles on the way to Jerusalem and excited their wonder, it was the warmth of His Heart-blood gave speed to His steps. The same eager blood, swelling in His veins and pressing insistently upon the chambers of His Heart, made Him cry out that He was straitened until His baptism with that blood should be accomplished. When Christ lay in His agony in the Garden, the countless drops [194]

## THE HEART OF PETER

leaped forth as though they would in their enthusiasm anticipate their sacrifice of the morrow. Nor was His Heart's enthusiasm content when the morrow came, to give of Its streams through many deep and brimming channels; It presented itself also to the spear-point, that the full source might lavish upon us the wealth of Its contents and be drained to the last drop.

### Schooling the Enthusiasm of Peter

The Heart of Christ was filled with divine enthusiasm, as we know from Its sacrifices and death; but we could have known the same truth from the wonderful manner in which Christ guided and developed the enthusiasm of Peter. He who educated the impulsive heart of Peter, knew well the nature and ways of enthusiasm. He did not crush out or destroy the restless energy, which at first rushed into so many excesses. He taught Peter how to govern and direct his ardor and left him at the end with even increased energy, but all un-

[195]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

der control and centered upon worthy objects. The process is well worth studying somewhat in detail.

### Encouraging an Ardent Follower

At the outset Christ awakened Peter's enthusiasm by opening up to him a career like the one he followed. "I will make you a fisher of men," said Christ, and Peter enthusiastically answered: "I leave all for You." When Peter made the generous profession of faith, speaking for all the Apostles, as he usually did: "Thou art the Son of the living God," Christ encouraged him to greater displays of enthusiasm by promptly replying, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." Excesses of enthusiasm were checked by warnings and rebukes. If in his enthusiasm Peter erred, he was equally enthusiastic in his reparations. He promptly and entirely refuses to allow Christ to wash his feet: "Thou shalt never wash my feet," and when corrected, he is just as prompt and entire in his acceptance: "Lord, not [196]



## THE HEART OF PETER

my feet only, but also my hands and head."

### Reproving a Repentant Enthusiast

The reproofs of Christ grew milder as Peter's training proceeded. "Get thee behind Me, Satan; thou savorest not the things of God," Christ said to him sternly when Peter remonstrated with Him about His Passion and death. But for what seems to us a far greater sin in Peter, his denial of the Lord, made more fearful by oaths and curses and lies, Christ has the gentle but sufficient rebuke of one reproachful look. That is enough for Peter. Finally, the last great encounter of these two enthusiastic hearts was the complete atonement for that denial and Christ's most gracious lesson to His ardent disciple. It was the gentlest of Christ's rebukes. The fall of Peter and his triple denial were not mentioned in word, not noticed now in look, but gently and kindly alluded to in a marvelous device of the best of teachers. Near the Lake of Gali-

[197]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

lee they met. Peter was still as enthusiastic as ever. He is still the originator. "I go a-fishing." He is still ready to plunge into the water. "When he heard it was the Lord, he girded his coat about him and cast himself into the sea." Then in the early morning light after the long night's fruitless work, after the miraculous haul of great fishes, when the meal that Jesus had made ready was partaken of, these two enthusiastic hearts close in a mighty duel of love. Three times they encounter one another and their interchange of blows leaves them not weaker, as in duels to death, but stronger and more ardent because this was the duel to life and eternal life. Peter had set aside the pride of enthusiasm; he had not lessened its intensity. He would not put himself above others, but he would appeal to Christ's Heart for the testimony of the warmth of his love. When Christ asked: "Lovest thou Me more than these?" Peter with his old confidence cried: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee."

[198]

## THE HEART OF PETER

### The Schooling Perfected

Now at last Peter was confirmed in the faith; he was the rock solidly established upon the love of Christ. He was now prepared with chastened and purified enthusiasm to be the pastor of all Christ's flock. He was prepared, too, to look forward bravely and generously to the end which enthusiasm called for. The Heart of Christ had faced the sacrifice of death upon the cross, and the same sacrifice is foretold for the enthusiastic heart of Peter, schooled to perfection by the Heart of the Master.

## THE RIGHT HEART

*Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.*

### REBEL CREATURES

#### Almighty Nature

**A** GREAT astronomer once said that his favorite study might, in some cases, lead persons to omit God from creation. They saw and understood so clearly the great power and marvelous effects of God's creatures that they might be deceived into thinking that they could do without the Creator. Time to astronomers is so long it looks like eternity; and the force of gravity is so far-reaching it looks like omnipotence; and light is so swift, so impalpable, it might pass for spirituality. The greatness of His creatures threatens to eclipse the splendor of [200]

## THE RIGHT HEART

the Creator. Creatures can do so much, they appear to be able to do all.

### Almighty Science

The wonderful forces of the soul combine with the wonderful forces of nature to fill proud man with the same false principles. The mind of man ranges through the universe, opening the door of every mystery. From the smallest particle of matter to the longest stretches of time, from ions to eons, from ants to giants, from planets to plants, nothing is so dark as not to be lit up by the brilliant mind; nothing so difficult as not to be solved by a theory. Laplace is said to have told Napoleon the First that God was not needed in his scheme of world-making. Others, too, have grown dizzy on the lofty pinnacles their minds had scaled, and have set themselves above the heavens and the Creator of the heavens. They refuse to admit mysteries because that would be to admit that their intellects were not on the highest round of the ladder of knowledge.

[201]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

Mind can do so much; men are prone to think it can do all.

### Almighty Dollar

As scientists are tempted to deify matter or mind, so rulers deify their powers; but the lowest class of idolaters are those who deify money. The "almighty dollar" has passed into a proverb. Wealth seems to be able to do anything. It makes the commerce of the world bring it food and clothing, and the art of the world build and adorn its homes, and science amuse it with its latest wonders, and medicine of every land hurry on chartered steamers and chartered trains to cure its slightest complaints. No wonder it believes that such things as Churches and Commandments are not for it. Churches and Commandments exact obedience; wealth issues, but does not receive, commands. Its telephone has a mouthpiece, but not a receiver. No wonder that Socialism should make a god of money, although it hides the object [202]

## THE RIGHT HEART

of its adoration under a great many high-sounding names.

### **The Attack upon the Right**

Knowledge, power and wealth are the great rebels. In old fairy stories giants piled mountains one upon another in order to scale the heavens, and capture the thrones of the gods. The giants of old failed and were buried, so the pagans believed, under the mountains they were to climb upon. Knowledge, power and wealth have been more successful. They have dislodged God from his place in the soul, have usurped His throne, and demanded for their tyranny the tribute of adoration. Any one of them is powerful in its absolute sway; all three of them seem to have found a place in the heart of Simon Magus. He had more knowledge than his dupes; he had power, but wanted more; he believed with others that everybody had his price, but probably was the first to think the "almighty dollar" could buy Almighty God. No wonder Simon

[203]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

Peter cried out, in indignation at such principles: "Keep thy money to thyself, to perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Do penance, therefore, for thy wickedness, and pray to God that perhaps this thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee. For I see thou art in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity."

### The Victory of the Right

"Thy heart is not right in the sight of God," said Simon Peter to Simon Magus. The heart of the first heretic was indeed crooked; his mind was not straight; his will was not straight. Such is the meaning of the Apostle's words. Simon Magus had become a Christian for two motives. He was a magician and wanted the powers that the Apostles had. That was not right and straight thinking. The powers of God are to be used for God. God is at the end of the straight road that leads from  
[204]



## THE RIGHT HEART

His gifts to Himself. To turn God's gifts to the honor of self is to give a turn to that road, to make it crooked, to make it swerve aside to self. To strive to put a price on God's gifts is not right and straight thinking. To put any of God's creatures, whether it be power, or knowledge, or wealth, above God in our hearts, is to make them crooked. God is the head of the universe, and to put anything else there is to turn the universe upside down; but to have the universe standing on its head is not according to the rules of the world's architecture, which demands that the roof should not be dethroned to give way to the cellar. There is one thing for the proud heart to do—for the proud heart is not right in the sight of God—and that is, what Simon Peter told Simon Magus to do: "Do penance for thy wickedness and pray to God that perhaps this thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee."

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### SUBJECT CREATURES

#### Christ's Call and Wealth

Where had St. Peter learned the principles of the right heart? Where had he learned the value of money? In the school of the Apostles, from the right Heart of Christ. The Apostles had been called from a life of gain to be fishers of men. St. Matthew was bid to give up a lucrative position. The instructions on the point of money were clear and precise for the Apostles: "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses." These are almost the same words uttered by St. Peter before he cured the lame man "at the gate of the Temple which is called the Beautiful." "Silver and gold I have none," cried the Apostle, "but what I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth arise and walk." St. Peter was not as successful in making right the heart of Simon Magus, as he was in making right the limbs of the man born lame.

[206]

## THE RIGHT HEART

### Christ's Teaching and Wealth

St. Peter learned the principles of Christ's Heart from the teaching and practice of the whole life of his Master. Christ, he would remember, set little store by wealth. Love for Him was more than lucre. The widow's mite went for millions in the markets of Heaven. The lost groat, which was the much-loved keepsake of a woman, became the symbol of a soul. The small coin was precious for its memories, for the love its owner lavished upon it, and so served to picture the love of Christ's Heart for the lost souls of men. It was Peter who hastened to cry out: "Behold, we have left all things and have followed Thee." The occasion was, perhaps, the most striking and the most memorable one in Christ's teaching about riches. The hurried approach of the rich young man, his eagerness to follow the good Master, the unconcealed love of Jesus for him, the test of the young man's sincerity, his sad and slow departure, "because he had great

[207]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

possessions," the terrible words of Jesus about the camel and the eye of the needle and the difficulty of the rich entering Heaven, all these were elements in a scene and parts of a lesson which St. Peter could never forget, and which at the time drew from him the profession of having left all things, a profession that was as rich in generous love as it was insignificant in contents. The Apostle's great possessions were boats and nets.

### Christ's Practice and Wealth

The many acts and words of Christ would come back to St. Peter, when he had before him the heart of Simon Magus, who seemed to think, with a heart not right, that the things of God could be bought for money. St. Peter would have hated such principles from the day Christ lashed the money-dealers from the Temple, and asserted the unending war between God and Mammon. St. Peter would have hated the heart made crooked by money with a still deeper hatred when he recalled,

[208]

## THE RIGHT HEART

as he could not fail to do, that the only traitor of their number had been keeper of the purse and had bartered away the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver.

### Christ's Punishments and Wealth

No wonder St. Peter knew the crooked heart of Simon Magus. He knew all the warping, distorting ways of money, all the blinding force of its dazzling glitter. The hearts of Ananias and Sapphira lay bare before his piercing gaze, and those that would cheat the Holy Ghost and lie to Him are stricken down before the chief of the Apostles and carried out dead. When, therefore, St. Peter had turned his thoughts upon the Heart of Christ, he knew how right that Heart was in the sight of God. Christ was the Way, and His whole being, and every thought, and word, and deed of Him was right, because it was to make our hearts right. The ruler which directs the pencil along the paper must have a straight edge. St. Peter and his fellow Apostles were always squaring  
[209]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

their principles with the true ones of Christ. They traced the path of their conduct along the unswerving line of His life and His lessons.

### Christ's Heart, the Perfect Subject

St. Peter saw finally that the Heart of Christ had to be of all hearts the most right in the sight of God, because It was the Heart of God, because It belonged to the Second Person of the Trinity. Between human hearts and God the way is often long and offers many a chance to deflect to the right or left. Between Christ's Heart and God the way is as short as it could possibly be. The created will of Christ is not the uncreated will of the Second Person, but aside from identity of being, there is complete unity between them. The two wills belong to the same Person, wish the same end, embrace the same means; they are one as far as two things can be one without being identical. How right, then, is that Heart in which there is no swerving from God! A line may be  
[210]

## THE RIGHT HEART

crooked; a point cannot be, and Christ's Heart and God's will are nearly merged into the indivisible unity of a point. They are so close that the Heart of Christ must always be right in the sight of God. As well try to quench the sun's illimitable fires with one drop of water, as to try to abate, by any created good of mind or body, the ardor of divine love, flaming in the Heart of Christ.

## THE GOOD HEART

*They who in a good and perfect heart, hearing the word of God, keep it.*

### THE MEANING OF GOODNESS

#### Goodness as Men Know It

**I**F you were told that you had a good heart, you would likely try to recall some act of kindness you had done for the one who so praised you. A good heart, you would remember, is said to be the possession of those who do charitable acts or say kind things or entertain cheerful views of life. Where you see one refusing to believe evil of another, there, you say, is a good heart; where you hear one unselfishly defending a stranger, urged by no motives of local pride or family ties, there you know is a good heart. A good heart, too, like a good nature, dispels clouds and  
[212]



## THE GOOD HEART

dispenses sunshine. It sees no evil or can excuse the evil. It can lighten or even overlay the darkness of sin and sorrow with the brightness of its own teeming goodness.

### Goodness as God's Word Has It

If, however, the doctor said you had a good heart, you would begin to think of another meaning of good. The doctor makes that statement because he finds no disease, no irregularity, no defect in the heart, but rather every part of it performing its functions perfectly, doing its full duty, coming up to the required standard of excellence. That the doctor may say you have a good heart, I sincerely hope, but that the heavenly Physician of souls, the infallible Searcher of hearts, will make the same judgment about your good will, that is, your heart in a far higher than mere physical sense, I am quite confident. At all events when the Scripture speaks of the good heart, it has in view the doctor's meaning of good, rather than the more

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

common meaning of the English word. Whatever is good in Scripture has distinctive excellence in its class and is often set in sharp contrast with what is evil in the same class. The good fish are kept and the bad thrown away. The good seed, which brings forth the harvest of wheat, is oversown with cockle, the bad seed, the products of which are burnt. The good measure discards all shortcomings and is pressed down and shaken together and running over. The good salt has kept its savor and will not be cast forth to be trampled underfoot. The good tree is known by its good fruits, and the good ground is that fertile spot which produces a hundredfold.

### Goodness Produces Fruit

You can now readily understand what is meant by the good heart; it is none other than the good ground of the parable, the productive place which gives back plentiful fruit to the good seed. "But that on the good ground are they who in a good  
[214]

## THE GOOD HEART

and perfect heart, hearing the word of God, keep it and bring forth fruit in patience." You understand also why I am confident that you have a good heart. You have welcomed the word of God, have kept it, and in patience, after long waiting perhaps, and after much toil, but finally, you have borne fruit. The yield, I should say, was a hundredfold, although you would not likely in your humility agree with me.

### Goodness Makes Sacrifices

Your heart, then, I know to be good because it responds to the first test of goodness,—it is productive of good fruits. Apply to it a second test, and you will see your heart is good because it fulfils that requirement also. You noticed just now that the good heart came from separation and sacrifice. The good haul of fish, the good harvest, the good salt, all these came as the result of discarding the evil. Recall what had to be rejected that the ground might be good for the sower and

[215]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

his seed. The ground had to be fenced off from the trampling feet and caged off from the birds of the air and dug up in order to be wrested from the dead weight of stone or from the tangle of choking thorns. Then only, after all that preparation, was it fit for the good seed which fell upon it. The good heart is only won at the price of sacrifice, sacrifice of way-side hardness, of faithless shallowness, of the rank growth of dissipation. Ah, how many a pathway must be closed and how often thieving wanderers must be frightened away, although the footsteps may be very sweet and the song and plumage very attractive! How again and again the hand is raw and weary, tossing aside the rough stones or rooting up the weeds! You alone know, good heart, what you have had to pay to make ready and preserve the goodness wherein the Sower sows His seeds of fruitfulness.

## THE GOOD HEART

### Goodness Is Tested in the Heart

Have you ever seen a young lad climbing up or down a chestnut tree? Did you mark him holding fast to the trunk, while he pulled stoutly with his hand at some branch near him or pressed his foot heavily upon it? You know why he acted that way. His life was the next moment to be trusted to that branch, and the test would show whether the branch was good enough to be trusted. Goodness is known by the test. This is St. Paul's teaching: "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." It is God's way also to prove and test and make for Himself good hearts. No doubt, you know that well. In the heart sacrifice reaches its completion; in the heart sacrifice is felt the most. The edge of the sacrificing knife makes there its sharpest incision. You know that, good heart, because God has tested you by sacrifice and has made you and kept you good. His knife is ever dripping with heart-blood, and the incense of the sacrifices in the heart

[217]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

does not cease from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. The good heart is known by its sacrifices and is made by sacrifice, and because I know you have been proved, I know God holds fast to your heart, which is exceeding good in His sight.

## THE COMFORT OF GOODNESS

### Love and Sacrifice United by God

Do not be frightened, good heart, at the prospect of unending sacrifice. Such is the law of God, applied in its uttermost fullness to the best of all hearts. If love and sacrifice go together in your heart, it is because God meant them to go together. Away in the depths of eternity when God would show His love for us, He accompanied that love with the sacrifice of what was dearest to Him. God loved the world; God gave His Only-begotten Son. Infinite love and infinite sacrifice! The Incarnation was begun so, and so too was it consummated. "He loved me and de-

[218]

## THE GOOD HEART

livered Himself up for me." "Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it." When your heart began to love God, you knew that, somewhere, some day, there would be a steep hill and a sacrifice. With Abraham you were destined to hear: "Take thy son whom thou lovest and go into the land of vision and there thou shalt offer him for a holocaust upon one of the mountains which I shall show thee." Ah, you have heard and you have acted, as Abraham did, and you have put forth your hand and taken the sword. Nor did the angel of the Lord stay the sacrifice; you have made a perfect holocaust of all your children.

### Love and Sacrifice in the Heart

Such is the privilege, such is the glory, of good hearts. Like the organ of the body which distributes the blood, the good heart never hesitates; it never stops. It is forever gathering up and discarding what is evil; forever giving forth unstintedly its precious contents, refreshing the currents

[219]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

of the soul by the sacrifice of the base elements, rewarming them by close, intimate contact with living love. The heart of the body never tires in purifying and giving; the good heart of the soul never wearies in its duty of loving and sacrificing.

### Love and Sacrifice Blessed by Christ

You are sustained, good heart, and strengthened and comforted by Him who came to sacrifice Himself. God asked for more perfect oblations than He had received and so St. Paul speaks of Christ in the words of the Psalmist: "Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not, but a body Thou hast fitted to me. Then said I, behold I come to do Thy will, O God." When God fitted a Body to Christ, His Son, the Heart was fashioned most carefully. It was to be the source and generous fountain of Blood for the perfect holocaust which was destined to satisfy God. Pressing the meaning of the words, we may say that they express what was really the truth. Christ's physical Heart

[220]



## THE GOOD HEART

was fitted to His spiritual Heart. Both were good in the fullest sense. If it was Christ's will to shed His Blood, His Blood would not be slow in shedding itself. You have made the same offering as Christ and your good heart is comforted. You are following Him and you shall have the peace which those enjoy who bear His yoke.

### Love and Sacrifice Fulfilled by Christ

More than that! You could not possibly lay the keen edge of the knife so often to your heart unless His help was always there. His supreme sacrifice for which He was given to the world, for which He had a Body fitted to Him, has won for you the courage and strength to enact your little Calvaries. Christ called Himself the Good Shepherd because He was ready, as the hireling was not, to lay down His life for His sheep. The Good Shepherd has the good heart. He lived up to His own test of goodness; He fulfilled His own principle that love and sacrifice go to-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

gether. "He loved me and He delivered Himself for me." "Greater love than this no man hath than he lay down his life for his friend." Your good heart is, like its model, the good Heart of Christ, at one moment in the dark shadows of Gethsemani, resisting unto blood until it forms its resolution to make its sacrifice; at another moment mounting its Calvary to consummate its sacrifice.

### Love and Sacrifice Constantly Practised

When you kneel before the altar your eyes behold the Cross. The altar of sacrifice is always surmounted by the Cross. Ah, you know that well, because many a time in the darkness there you have struggled with your soul before the hour of oblation. If it were all over and done with at once, if the sacrifice were called for only once, then it would not be so hard. But, as Calvary is renewed daily on the altar, so it is with you, good heart. What you thought slain and dead, lives again. The ties you considered broken, are reknit; the

[222]

## THE GOOD HEART

flames that were quenched, blaze forth more brightly. Along the ways of the heart may be heard the tramp of feet which you imagined had been excluded forever. Flights of wild, tumultuous thoughts, with showers of ravishing melodies, throng in upon you swiftly and insistently. You fondly dreamt that the eye and ear had been sealed effectually against these winged intruders who bear away God's sown word. Good seed, good ground, good harvests are had at the price of ceaseless vigilance and constant effort. The good heart must ever rest in the shadow of the Cross.

### Love and Sacrifice Constantly Consolated

Look up, dear heart, and see that Christ has made of His Heart an altar of sacrifice. There looms the Cross and its shadow never passes away from His Heart. There is the altar-stone which love has made. The Cross reminds you that His Heart is the place of sacrifice; the encircling crown of thorns is witness that

[223]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

the keenness of sacrifice is always felt; the wound in His Heart tells you of the fullness and the completeness of the sacrifice. Even when His executioners found Him dead, even when His Heart had ceased to beat, not yet had He ceased to have the good Heart. They made sure of the entirety of the sacrifice by slaying the slain and by laying open His dead Heart. All that is for you, good heart. His constant, entire, heart-piercing sacrifice is the incentive and the solace which you have had to make and keep yourself good. Your heart is good because His Heart is infinitely good.

## THE KIND HEART

*Our heart is enlarged.*

### KINDNESS PORTRAYED

#### Counterfeits of Kindness

**T**O be punctiliously exact in observing forms, to show exquisite deference to another, to shake hands even, with much ceremony, just before your hand fingers a trigger or closes on a sword-hilt or clenches into a fist, to do all this without deviating in the least from the prescribed code of duelling, is etiquette. To greet another warmly, consult his every need and desire, show him without weariness all you have, carry on a correspondence in which there is not an offensive expression, but every manifestation of good-will—in a word, to act on the principle in your place of business that it never pays, espe-

[225]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

cially where there is competition, to make an enemy—all that is good policy. To observe engagements promptly, to say the right word and perform the proper action at the right time and in the proper way, expressing your sympathy for others' sorrows, your congratulations for their good fortune, taking your place in the round of social duties with all courtesy, all that constitutes politeness.

### The True Coin of Kindness

These are the counterfeits of kindness. They do in act what kindness does; they talk as kindness talks, but they do not think as kindness thinks. Worldly politeness may often so think; business policy may sometimes so think, but it is clear that the code of honor never does and never can have the thoughts of kindness. Kindness is the expansion of the charitable heart. Its words, its works, its thoughts are the outgrowth of love, not rooted in human respect, or greed for gain, or murderous desire of revenge. The kind heart ex-  
·[226]

## THE KIND HEART

pands to good as the flower opens to the sun to shed its fragrance on the air. Kindness is the honey and perfume of the full bloom of charity. St. Paul, with his usual plain and vigorous language, brings us into the very root and life of kindness. "Our mouth is open to you, O ye Corinthians; our heart is enlarged." These words mark the end of one of St. Paul's triumphant catalogues of his sufferings, "as the ministers of God, in much patience, in tribulation, . . . in stripes, in prisons, . . . in long-suffering, in sweetness." There was no boasting or self-seeking in all this, the Apostle would have the Corinthians believe, but rather the outpouring of his charity, which still, with parted lips, panted like the hart for the living waters, which still ached with love's swelling heart to do even more. "Our mouth is open to you, O ye Corinthians; and our heart is enlarged."

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### The Oil of Kindness

The great difficulty for all the machinery in the world is friction. Friction slackens speed, uses up energy and wears out the machine. If surface could glide over surface and part revolve around part without the grinding of rough faces, the records for speed already reached by us would rapidly be surpassed, and even our fast age would gasp at its accelerated motion. Lubricants are a prime necessity in machines, and kindness is equally necessary to keep our moral world going. Remove the lubricants and the machinery of the world would stop; remove kindness, and school and church and home would develop so much heated friction that they would cease to operate, friendship would disappear from the world and the couples still left undivorced would hasten to break the unkind bonds which galled the wearers. The oil of kindness keeps human society in its large as well as its small groups from breaking up into fragments.

[228]



## THE KIND HEART

### The Unselfishness of Kindness

Kindness is essentially unselfish. It is not kindness to stand before a mirror and smile in genial approbation of the one reflected there, to pat oneself enthusiastically on the back and whisper soothing words to oneself. Such actions might possibly be manifestations of confidence or hope, but more likely they are the outcroppings of pride. No, kindness is for others and beams on them approvingly and encourages them warmly. Nor is it always kindness to encourage people to be just like ourselves. Some are lavish with encouragement when others try to be like them or are following out their plans; but if others are trying to do better in their own way they often look in vain for the approving smile and cheering word. To forward the production of duplicates of ourselves is not the most disinterested kindness nor the highest type of encouragement; it is more frequently disguised vanity and selfishness.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### *The Imperialism of Kindness*

St. Paul has made "the enlarged heart" characteristic of kindness, and the description is correct. The heart must overleap the boundaries of self, if it would be kind. Kindness puts light in the eyes where selfishness had put dark looks; kindness smoothes the selfish frown on the forehead and relaxes the sneering curl on the lip, wreathing the features with a gracious smile. Kindness is the foe of selfish coldness and gruffness and indifference; it is the music in the voice, the gentleness in the touch, the warmth in the grasp, the cheeriness of the glad welcome, the hushed accents of condolence. Kindness is the civilizer and enlightener and sweetener of selfishness; the deadly opponent of the beast within us and of all its manifestations. The kind heart must conquer its own stubborn and selfish possessor before it goes abroad and everywhere on its errands of charity. "The enlarged heart" is an ardent believer in expansion and im-

[230]

## THE KIND HEART

perialism, but one need not fear its growth. Its conquests are meant to add new territories to the kingdom of kindness, at home first and abroad afterwards.

### The Daylight of Kindness

The enlarged heart has made its first and shortest advance when it has converted the whole man into an apt medium of kindness, when it has made Dives look up from his plate and look out of his window and see Lazarus at his gate. The kind heart finds a Lazarus at every gate through which it goes out to the world. Kind acts, kind words, kind looks, kind thoughts, have crumbs of comfort for many a starving Lazarus, as the enlarged heart radiates its warmth in wider and wider circles. The kind heart rivals the sunlight. Out of the glowing furnace of its own enkindled elements leaps the ray of light. In an instant it has darted across leagues of space and touches an eastern cloud with red; in another instant it has glazed a stream with silver and has left the

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

banks green, while it speeds across the fields, whitening the daisies, reddening the roses, coloring a hundred unfolding flowers with a thousand varied tints. Then it flashes through the open window, creeps between reluctant eyelids and wakes a sleeping world to life and work. Such is the mission of kindness, the sunshine of charity, the smile of all the virtues, the radiating goodness of the enlarged heart.

## KINDNESS PERSONIFIED

### Going about Doing Good

On the day that the Church became Catholic in practice by throwing open its gates to the Gentiles, St. Peter gave an instruction to Cornelius, the Roman centurion, and to his family. In the instruction he related, as the Apostles were accustomed to do, the story of our Lord's life in brief, His baptism, His death, His resurrection. How does the chief of the Apostles summarize the public life of our Lord? Principally in [232]

## THE KIND HEART

the words, "He went about doing good." Nothing could be briefer, nothing could be more complete. This is the condensed gospel of St. Peter, the life of Christ in five words, the biography of personified kindness. St. Peter may have thought of the many acts of goodness done by Jesus for those not of the Jews, and so have wished to encourage Cornelius and to have further justification, if it were needed, for opening the Church to the Gentiles. But more likely he wished to put the life of his Master, as he knew it, into a striking phrase. At all events, he has succeeded in giving us a full description of kindness when he told Cornelius of Jesus, "who went about doing good." St. Paul, too, summed up the Incarnation in a similar way when he wrote of the time "the goodness and kindness of God, the Saviour," appeared.

### Distributing Currents of Love

Kindness, then, would seem to be a very prominent trait in the Incarnation, and

[233]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

surely it is. The Incarnation was the first appearance of the enlarged Heart of Christ, the first stage—and a vast one it was—of His ceaseless travels in going around doing good. The Incarnation is the greatest of God's acts of kindness. It is the outpouring of infinite love, and so it is the greatest volume of kindness that ever came from the brimming source of charity. When charity is pent up and confined, when the pressure of its currents is held in check, it may be patient, but it is not yet kind. Like the waters of a great lake which filled up the immense bed hollowed out for it when the world was making, so we may imagine God's ocean of love rose and surged against its barriers until finally it made a way for itself and rushed out and poured down a portion of its great power upon mankind far below. The waters of the reservoir are kind, not when sleeping in the shadows, but when running along the mill-race, sparkling in the sunlight and setting the mills of the world in motion or when directed through

[284]

## THE KIND HEART

a thousand channels to the parched lips of men. God was infinitely kind when He emptied Himself, came down to us, and went about doing good, bringing the love of God to the helpless, thirsting hearts of mankind through the channels of a human Heart.

### Drawing All Hearts Captive

To mention all the acts of kindness prompted by the Heart of Christ would be to expand St. Peter's brief biography into that of the four Evangelists. Perhaps we may better appreciate the kindness of the Heart of Christ, if we fix our attention upon one or two features where it is especially evident. The kind heart repels no one; it is attractive; it is eminently approachable. The stare, the frown, the sneer, the cutting sarcasm, the brusque indifference, the thousand and one signs of no admittance with which unkindness decks her gloomy portals, are never found along the approaches to the kind heart. Was our Lord approachable? Was the

[235]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

way open to His Heart? Look at the blind and halt and deaf and infirm; look at the sorrowful and bereaved; look at the timid, shrinking children; above all, look at the sinners, at Nicodemus, who came by night, and the Samaritan woman, who found Him at mid-day, at Peter and at Magdalene; look at the countless hearts of countless men and women who are forever journeying to the Heart of Christ, and then say whether the way to the kindest of hearts is wide open. Think, too, of the winning forms under which our Lord liked to picture Himself for us. He is the way, the open door and the fold, the vine and the bread and the water of life, the anxious mother-hen, the good shepherd and the merciful father, the teacher whose burden is light and whose yoke is sweet, and who will refresh all that labor and are heavily burdened. As if all these attractive guises were not enough, He took a Mother and began His life among men by becoming the Babe of Bethlehem, in the manger, beneath the swaddling clothes,

[236]



## THE KIND HEART

and continues His life among men in the Bread of the Tabernacle, beneath the enclosing bands of our commonest food. Nothing could be more winning, more fascinating than the kind Heart of Christ.

### ***Delicate in Sympathy***

We expect kindness to be easy of access, to be magnetic. Yet that is not enough. Kindness must not always wait; it must go about doing good, and if it would arouse our fullest enthusiasm it must do good in some new way. The favor need not be great to be called by us kind, and even though great, it will not deserve the name of truest kindness if it is done to order or from mere custom. Kindness can never be machine-like. It is ever new and original and ingenious in its devices, because it is so thoughtful, so delicate in its sympathy. If a machine is out of order, send its number to the maker and he will duplicate any part. The human heart has not become standardized in its kindness. There is something individual

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

and peculiar in every sorrow and pain; and sensitive kindness, feeling that, is ever new in its manifestation.

### Unique in Varied Manifestations

We shall not be disappointed if we look for these refinements of kindness in our Lord's life and shall not be wrong in attributing them to the exquisite sensitiveness of His kind Heart. Many of His great miracles are marked by a thoughtful kindness. At Cana He anticipates the embarrassment of the newly married couple, changing water into wine. At Naim the Evangelist notes His kindness in hastening to console the widowed mother and in seeing that the resurrection from the dead is crowned by an act of delicate courtesy. He gives the son to the mother. Similar kindness marks the raising of Lazarus from the dead. At other times His miracles are characterized by almost fairy kindness, as when Peter pays the tax from the coin found in the fish he caught, or when the tired and hungry multitudes are fed [238]

## THE KIND HEART

with multiplied loaves and fishes. The individuality of our Lord's kindness is displayed too in the vocations and conversions of the Gospels. The terms of address are also chosen with care, "My daughter," "My son," "My brother," "My little children," "Mary," and other expressions, are replete with touching kindness. The invitations seem to have been thought out with care. "Come and see," "you shall be fishers of men," and the like, and the winning of the Samaritan woman at the well, the singling out of Zachaeus in the branches of a tree, an ingenious situation which merited an ingenious response—all these give further examples of a really kind nature. Most of all, however, is the wonderful tact of kindness shown in opposing the malicious cunning of His foes. Those who try to entrap Him are baffled by His patience and wisdom. It is enough to recall the coin of tribute, the good Samaritan, the answer to the High-priest, and, indeed, every incident of the Passion, but the best example, perhaps, of this

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

unique kindness is to be found in the story of the woman taken in sin, with all its marvelous delicacy in word and act. The Heart of Christ has done kinder deeds than that, but there is no other one that draws from us so quickly the enthusiastic cry: "There in truth is a divinely kind Heart!"

# THE PURE HEART

## THE WAR OF MAN'S PASSIONS

### *The Amphitheatres of the World*

**I**T is hard to tell what is the greatest delight of a small boy in a small town when a circus comes. Most would mention the acrobatic feats; many the curiosities; few if any would speak of what is not intended for a performance. Yet the feeding of the animals in the menagerie has a fascination which attracts the young, even while it repels. Perhaps it is not pleasure. Certainly it is nothing like the feeding which makes his eyes dance when flashing colors and whirling forms pass before him in endless succession. All that charms; the feeding of the animals has a fascination of horror which leaves upon him an indelible impression. He sees the

[241]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

huge blocks of raw meat thrown through black bars of iron to restless, pacing beasts. The bright-colored covers of these dens on wheels served only to make the fierce appetites of the animals within more horrible. A beautiful picture of some tropical glade would be slipped aside and behind rows of rigid iron the munching and growling and panting lions and tigers would tear their bluish chunks of flesh with teeth shining whiter out of the dripping blood.

### **Their Deceptive Show**

Poor little fascinated and frightened boy! You thought that a horrible spectacle because you saw these animals as they really were, stripped of the colors and trappings of the show and seen for a moment in their true state. You were not able then to remove the gay coloring of the great show beside you. There was too much brilliancy; there were too many distractions of eye and ear, with blaring horns and glittering hues, to let your inexperi-

[242]

## THE PURE HEART

ence strip all this away and see the prison bars and know that other animals were being fed on ruddier, nobler flesh. Neither could you be expected to know that you had before you in that gilded den of the menagerie a picture of life, a picture of history!

### The Amphitheatres of the Soul

The concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, they are the ravenous monsters of the world. Behind the splendor, beneath the rouge and tinsel of life lurk the passions of men. The Roman circus fed its animals with living beings and a debased mob watched the unnatural gorging with a savage exultation. In the larger amphitheatre of all time and upon choicer victims feed the fiercer animals, anger and gluttony and lust and greed. Their prey is not dead and decaying flesh; they grasp with talons and claws; they rend with beak and jaw even daintier morsels still. The food for the passions of men comes not from

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

the slaughterhouse, but from the home. The concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, the pride of life greedily devour the souls of men.

### The Bright Apparel of the Passions

The only way in which these enemies of man can effect their purpose is by concealment. To know them as they are and in their deadly effects is to hate them. Sin must come disguised, if it is to come at all. It must promise like the rose in the bud, not disappoint or disgust, as yesterday's lush and decaying roses do. So the passions of men must come laden with promises. Their claws are wreathed in flowers, and their fetid breath is overcome with the languor of perfume. Art comes with all its charms to vest them. Sculpture gives them a fair stature and exquisitely molded form. Painting bathes them in light and touches them to grandeur with the tints of the rainbow. Music fashions melodious laughter for their lips and turns their speech into song. Dancing imparts to

[244]



## THE PURE HEART

them the grace of movement, the varying suppleness of lithe limbs and the glow and lustre of life. The theatre and opera gather under one roof all the glory of all the arts, and with this united fascination and the glamor of suggestiveness and the whetted curiosity of an acted story apparel them in their utmost gorgeousness. There is the amphitheatre of sin. Silken, purple awnings hide the conflict, but the victims are there nevertheless. The concupiscence of the eyes and the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life are rampant beneath this veil of art and glutting their ravenous jaws with souls of men behind all the pomp and pageantry.

### The Attack upon the Heart

Every shock of those passions is felt in the heart. The eye responds to the color and shapes, the ear to the sounds, the taste to the savor, the nostrils to the scent, the touch to the warmth and softness. Each sense thrills with its own agitation; the heart quivers with them all. All the pas-

[245]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

sions are registered in the heart. There they have pressed their teeth and thrust home their fangs and buried beak and claw. The heart of man is scarred with a thousand conflicts. Every movement of its red tide bears in upon it perhaps a new enemy. They come not with purpose to destroy; they come as if to console. They are sweet and musical and fragrant and variegated and soothing and gentle. Ah, but that is only the parade of the bright conveyances. Wait awhile and the gaudy doors will slip aside and display the bar and the beasts; wait awhile, and the heart will be once more tossed to the wolves and tigers!

### The Heart—the Last Citadel

The end of the conflict is in the heart. The sin is not in the eye or ear or taste or touch; it is in the will. The sin is not in the body, but in the soul. The wildest agitations of the passions have at times shaken man's tormented nerves and fibres until they were almost frenzied with the  
[246]

## THE PURE HEART

clamor for satisfaction, and not yet was sin and never shall be sin as long as the will stays true. It will be sin to expose sensitive nature to the seductiveness of passion; to cast ourselves into a whirlpool and expect with untried muscles to escape to the shore; to keep in front of a speeding train and strive to push it back; that would be suicide, and to do the like in moral things is suicide of the soul. Unhappily, passions do not wait until the heart comes to them; they often come to the heart of their own accord; but, however near they come, however baleful their glazed eyes, and however close their hot, sickening breath and dripping jaws, they cannot reach the heart. The black iron bars are there to keep them back. The will must do as the keeper does before the small boy's fascinated gaze and must toss the heart to the beasts. What is the heart, then, which does not pass behind those black iron bars? It is the pure heart; the heart whose unclouded vision shall see God; the heart whose tongue shall fashion the new canti-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

cle, whose lips are stained with the wine which springeth forth virgins, whose feet follow whithersoever the Lamb goeth. It is the pure heart, too, from which St. Paul says charity, the perfection of the Gospel, comes. "Now the end of the commandment is charity from a pure heart and a good conscience and an unfeigned faith."

## THE PEACE OF CHRIST'S PURITY

### The Birth of His Purity

It is eminently fitting that St. John should picture the Lamb of God upon Mount Sion surrounded by those who were "without spot before the throne of God." The leader of that throng which had "His name and the name of His Father written on their foreheads," the centre towards which the new canticle was sung, sung "as the noise of many waters and as the voice of great thunder and as the voice of harpers, harping on their harps," the brightest star in that galaxy of purity, is and deserves to be the pure

[248]

## THE PURE HEART

Heart of Christ. What care was taken by God that no blemish should come near that source and model of purity! A sinless virgin whose soul never for an instant passed under the shadow of sin, whose heartblood never was kindled by the fever that is the curse of fallen man, she, the spotless one, was prepared by God to be the Mother of the Lord. Nothing was lacking in Heaven or upon earth when the time came for the first heart-beat of Christ. Through the coming of the Holy Spirit, under the overshadowing power of the Most High, the Second Person passed to earth. Infinite purity united Itself within immaculate virginity to the spotless nature created by the infinitely pure Spirit of Love. So the pure Heart of Christ began to beat among the stained children of the race of Adam and for their cleansing.

### Brightness and Warmth of His Purity

The pure Heart of Christ! Pure indeed and flawless as crystal, but not hard; blanched indeed like the newly fallen,  
[249]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

shining snow, but not cold; purged of all blemish and refined as a white hot flame, yet not consuming; such is the pure Heart of Christ, having all the beauty of every spotless thing in the universe with none of the defects that go with Its symbols. With all this divine purity there is associated no cold reserve, but only excessive attractiveness. Human hearts become stern; they harden a little in the face of a world which threatens their innocence by every avenue entering into man's soul. Human hearts are wax in the blistering, pitiless heat of overpowering passions. They must ever be on their guard, they must be ever checking themselves and holding others in check, and so through prudence and chaste fear they surround themselves with a circumspection, somewhat cold but wisely careful. Not so with the pure Heart of Christ! With the lavish intimacy of the sunlight His love went everywhere and was as pure and unsullied when it made hearts like those of His Mother Mary and St. John more resplendent, as when It fell [250]

## THE PURE HEART

upon the soiled hearts of sinners who had been trodden down into the mire. Christ touched them all with cleansing lustre and was untouched Himself. His Heart was as approachable and intimate as sunlight and yet infinitely more pure.

### Kindness of His Purity

The world did not understand the Heart of Christ then, and it does not understand It now. Even His Apostles wondered at the approachableness of their Master. There is nothing to surprise us in this. The world looked on Christ as a man and does so now. So His purity is something far above man's thoughts or imaginings; something beyond their own experience; something divine. Indeed the attitude of Christ towards the Samaritan woman and towards Magdalene is so unlike anything of His own time or before, and so strange to us even yet, that the very strangeness and newness of His conduct are enough almost of themselves to prove that Christ was God.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### Sympathy of His Purity

Join to that intimate friendship the full knowledge of Christ, and the wonder increases. Some hearts are pure because they know not, because they see no evil in themselves and cannot imagine it in others. Christ knew all and saw all. Before His consciousness were the sins of man, not only those that have passed into history, but also every most secret thought or desire in all their shamelessness. Christ had knowledge of all. It is evident in Magdalene's case when to the Pharisee's "She is a sinner," He made answer, "She is forgiven." It is evident in the case of the Samaritan woman whose whole life lay open to Him. It is most of all evident in that scene which of itself is a proof of the divinity of Christ, the scene of the hypocritical accusers convicted and skulking away and of the forgiven sinner left alone and dismissed sinless. "Hath no man condemned thee?" And she said: "No man, Lord." And Jesus, who knew her [252]



## THE PURE HEART

heart and came with His pure Heart to cleanse the hearts of mankind, said: "Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now sin no more." All these and many others, of whom the Gospels do not speak, came close to Christ, became His intimate friends and had their hearts made pure by His Heart. Only the Heart of God has acted and can act in that way.

### Mercy of His Purity

Courage, then, hearts of mankind! Peace has come again after passion, and where ruin was and desolation, now once more is consoling prosperity. You have had to contend with the passions in their fascination and in their ferocity. Your hearts have been scene of battles, of some victories, perhaps of many defeats. You may now, it is likely, look back upon them to a time when all was peace therein, with greensward and ripening grain and flowers and a quiet homestead. You recall how the war came. With attractions at first to pique the curiosity and with color

[253]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

and music; an advance guard, a swiftly riding troop, a skirmish line, then buglers and the march of many feet. You shudder at the memory of what followed, when the storm burst and war was seen as it is: shouts and thunder and curses and blows, grass reddened with blood, flowers trampled into the mud, boundary lines blotted out, and the old home of your youth and innocence a blackened mass of smoking ruins. And then when the fight went by and left you in dark isolation, you thought that all was lost. But you forgot a more terrible defeat, where another Heart contended with passion; you forgot the more glorious victory, where defeat was changed to triumph; you forgot the pure Heart of Christ, which knows all and will welcome you and will let you come near to Him, nearer than before. The scene of defeat will become better than it was and will have fairer flowers and richer harvests and dearer homes than before. Love which has ruined the world saved it on Calvary.

[254]

## THE PURE HEART

The love of the pure Heart of Christ put stouter and stronger bars between the hearts of mankind and their enemies, the wolf and the tiger.

## THE HEART OF PAUL

### PAUL'S PRACTICE OF EARNESTNESS

#### **Earnestness—No Half Measures**

**L**ET me do that," is the cry we hear from the lips of the earnest and strenuous. They cannot bear remissness or delay; they will not tolerate indifference. They will hurriedly take the work from another, should he be the least uninterested. Their energy piles up behind an obstacle, as a torrent behind some barrier which for a moment checks its onward rush. They press here and there, strain fretfully at their temporary prison, and finally with a burst of speed overleap all hindrances and sweep on triumphantly. No half measures for them! When they are rulers, they are Napoleons; when discoverers, they have the restless ambitions [256]

## THE HEART OF PAUL

of Columbus; when they would be orators, they will bury themselves in caverns, outshout the ocean and exile themselves from their fellow-men, like Demosthenes, until they have reached perfection; when they would be saints, no toil is too arduous, no sacrifice too great, no undertaking too vast or dangerous. The bleak desert or the filthy slums, the monotonous grind of the classroom, the patience, and watching and endurance of the hospital, the slow death among the leprous, these and thousands of such difficulties are the merest trifles to those who are in earnest.

### Earnestness of Paul Unconverted

St. Paul was a man of no half-hearted measures. He himself says: "Beyond measure I persecuted the Church and wasted it." He held the garments for those who stoned Stephen, that they might have freer arms to do the work more thoroughly. He went to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." No call like  
[257]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

that which summoned the other Apostles would do for him. The sweet invitation, the gentle entreaty, would scarcely halt such a fiery zealot in his mission of destruction. To make Saul, Paul, a sudden light must flash from Heaven, the persecutor must be stricken down by a stronger force than his own. Then, trembling and blinded, he will humbly ask to see and be taught and become a Christian and an Apostle.

### Earnestness of Paul Converted

St. Paul's conversion did not change his heart; it simply changed the direction of his heart's rushing currents. His heart now enlarged its scope without diminishing its intense force. It became a vessel of election, an instrument in the hand of God for greater good. Like the sun in Ecclesiasticus which is called "an admirable vessel, the work of the most High," three times more hot than a furnace, he "burneth the mountains, breathing out fiery vapors and shining with his beams."  
[258]

## THE HEART OF PAUL

The fire of hatred was changed in Paul's heart to the fire of charity, and Palestine became too small for him. "He increased much more in strength" and was to carry the name of the Lord "before the Gentiles and Kings and children of Israel." The light of God's truth that had been hidden in one nation, was destined to rise above the horizon of Palestine and dawn upon the whole world. The heart of Paul cried: "Let me do that," and went forth over lands and seas, bringing to mankind the charity of Christ.

### **Earnestness of Paul's Love**

No one, we might say, has tortured language, as St. Paul has done, to make it a fit expression for the earnestness of his heart, and nowhere is he more magnificent, more sublime, more universal than when speaking of charity. His words quiver like the metal walls of a trumpet when it vibrates with a mighty volume of sound. On this subject the "trumpet gives no uncertain sound." Who will limit the ex-

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

tent of St. Paul's charity? "Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Who will fathom the source of his charity which flows from his full knowledge of God? "O the depths of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!" "I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." His charity has all tenderness: "Out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote to you with many tears that you might know the charity I have more abundantly toward you." His charity awakens a tender response: "I bear you witness, O Galatians, that if it could be done, you would have plucked out your own eyes and would have given them to me." He was father and mother and nurse to his little children whom he had begotten again in Christ. He would in the excess of his charity become accursed, an anathema, for them. A faith which  
[260]



## THE HEART OF PAUL

would remove mountains, the distribution of all his goods to the poor, the burning of his body in martyrdom, are less than charity and are nothing without charity. In the exultation of his great love, St. Paul triumphantly defies creation with all its mighty forces to tear his heart from the Heart of Christ. "Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword?" With indignant scorn he repudiates the possibility. The heart that consented to the death of Stephen, now made one with Christ in the bonds of charity, is sure "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### PAUL'S PRINCIPLES OF EARNESTNESS

#### *Christ Crucified—the Ideal*

St. Paul did not use the words, devotion to the Sacred Heart, but he practised what the words describe, and he was restless with the fiery zeal which inflamed him to make all possess the charity of Christ. His teaching was as earnest as his practice. He is relentless, untiring in preaching the love of Christ crucified. Crucifixion and death is the only thing to satisfy him. As a zealot, he put people to death; as a Christian, he would have his followers meet death. He advocates martyrdom, preaches martyrdom, calls for martyrdom, and enacts martyrdom. Not Christ and Christ born or teaching or working miracles or sowing the seed of God; not Christ glorified, but Christ crucified is the lesson that the fiery heart of Paul is always imparting. Nothing short of a complete absorption in Christ's love will do.

## THE HEART OF PAUL

### Be United with Christ

St. Paul calls us the letters of Christ, which He has written and sealed. A letter is a substitute for the absent friend; it is the flying spark which enkindles a far off fire; it is a throb of the heart of friendship. Christ wrote us, put into us the secrets of His love and addressed us to Heaven. The address is written in blood-red. In many other ways also is our loving union with Christ described by St. Paul. We must be His good odor, the perfume of Christ exhaling His virtues. We must be His temples, echoing with hymns of praise, murmuring prayer and fragrant with the incense of propitiation and sacrifice. We must come still closer than temples to the one worshipped. We are to be co-heirs with Christ and, as members of the Church which is His spouse, we are brought into a still more tender relation. We are younger brothers to Him who is our Elder Brother.

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

### **Live Christ's Life**

This is not yet enough. We are still too far away. We must by St. Paul's teaching live Christ's life. We are born in Him, live in Him, mount His Cross, go down into His tomb, rise with Him from the grave, follow Him in triumph when He leads captivity captive in His Ascension and reign with Christ, our King, in all ages to come. "As therefore you have received Jesus Christ, walk ye in Him, rooted and built up in Him."

### **Be Christ's Members**

Nor as yet is the heart of Paul satisfied. Relationship with Christ, companionship with Christ will not suffice. He bids us come still closer, to be Christ. You are the members of Christ through which the Blood of His Heart flows. You bear upon your bodies the wounds of Christ, and as you were nailed with Him to the Cross, His hand cleaves to your hand, His Heart reddened the same spearpoint

[264]

## THE HEART OF PAUL

which now passes into your heart, and you “fill up those things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ. For you are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God.”

### Reproduce Christ's Soul

“Whom God foreknew, He also predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son.” “Let us, therefore, bear also the image of the heavenly Adam,” hearkening to the zeal of this Apostle who tells us: “Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and be ye renewed in the spirit of your mind and put on the new man.” So then our whole being is to be conquered to Christ and His charity. That conquest, if complete, means to cross continents and brave stormy seas, bringing the different nations of one soul beneath the yoke of Christ. We are to have no thoughts but those of Christ because “we have the mind of Christ.” We are to have no other wishes except His, because we must be “filled with the knowledge of His will in

[265]

## THE HEART OF REVELATION

all wisdom and spiritual understanding.” We are to have no other beginning, no other end but Him, living we live for Him, dying we die for Him, wishing “to be dissolved and to be with Christ.”

### Christ Liveth in Me

If these sublime lessons were ever realized to their full extent, then it was in the soul of the great St. Paul, in whom the ambition of conquerors and the enthusiasm of artists and the venturesomeness of explorers and the ardor of martyrs and all the best devotion which can be found in the hearts of men, were united and centered in their utmost intensity upon Christ. When Paul hated, nothing could exceed the fury of his hatred. “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?” the voice of Christ cried from Heaven in expostulation. When Paul loved, nothing could surpass the tenderness and passion of his love. There was nothing half-hearted about the great St. Paul. His own personality had been completely annihilated. The trans-  
[266]

## THE HEART OF PAUL

formation of love was made perfect. The Heart of Christ was in full possession of the heart of Paul. "I live, now not I: but Christ liveth in me."











